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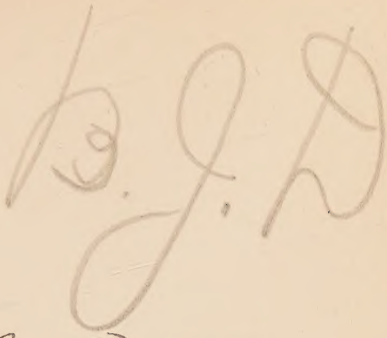

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OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

BY
J. L. SPALDING
Bishop of Peoria

It is strange that most students should inquire with much diligence concerning the virtues of plants, the motions of the stars, the transmutations of metals, and other similar subjects, while few or none make it their purpose to acquire a good mind, though all other things are to be esteemed not so much for themselves as for their influence on the right use of reason. — DESCARTES.

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OPPORTUNITY

AND

OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

I

OPPORTUNITY [1]

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom, freedom none but virtue, and virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor and immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanction of the Christian religion.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

HOW shall I live? How shall I make the most of my life and put it to the best use? How shall I become a man and do a man's work? This, and not politics or trade or war or pleasure, is the question. The primary consideration is not how one shall get a living, but how he shall live, for if he live rightly, whatever is needful he shall easily find. Life is opportunity, and therefore its whole circumstance may be made to serve the purpose of

[1] Address delivered at the opening of the Spalding Institute, Peoria, December 6, 1899.

those who are bent on self-improvement, on making themselves capable of doing thorough work. Opportunity is a word which, like so many others that are excellent, we get from the Romans. It means near port, close to haven. It is a favorable occasion, time, or place for learning or saying or doing a thing. It is an invitation to seek safety and refreshment, an appeal to make escape from what is low and vulgar and to take refuge in high thoughts and worthy deeds, from which flows increase of strength and joy. It is omnipresent. What we call evils, as poverty, neglect, and suffering, are, if we are wise, opportunities for good. Death itself teaches life's value not less than its vanity. It is the background against which its worth and beauty stand forth in clear relief. Its dark form follows us like our shadow, to bid us win the prize while yet there is time; to teach that if we live in what is permanent, the destroyer cannot blight what we know and love; to urge us, with a power that belongs to nothing else, to lay the stress of all our hoping and doing on the things that cannot pass away. "Poverty," says Ouida, "is the north wind that lashes men into Vikings." "Lowliness is young ambition's ladder." What is more pleasant than to read of strong-hearted youths, who, in the midst of want and hardships of many

kinds, have clung to books, feeding, like bees to flowers? By the light of pine-logs, in dim-lit garrets, in the fields following the plough, in early dawns when others are asleep, they ply their blessed task, seeking nourishment for the mind, athirst for truth, yearning for full sight of the high worlds of which they have caught faint glimpses; happier now, lacking everything save faith and a great purpose, than in after years when success shall shower on them applause and gold.

Life is good, and opportunities of becoming and doing good are always with us. Our house, our table, our tools, our books, our city, our country, our language, our business, our profession, — the people who love us and those who hate, they who help and they who oppose — what is all this but opportunity? Wherever we be there is opportunity of turning to gold the dust of daily happenings. If snow and storm keep me at home is not here an invitation to turn to the immortal silent ones who never speak unless they are addressed? If loss or pain or wrong befall me, shall they not show me the soul of good there is in things evil? Good fortune may serve to persuade us that the essential good is a noble mind and a conscience without flaw. Success will make plain the things in which we fail: failure shall spur

us on to braver hope and striving. If I am left alone, yet God and all the heroic dead are with me still. If a great city is my dwelling place, the superficial life of noise and haste shall teach me how blessed a thing it is to live within in the company of true thoughts and high resolves.

Whatever can help me to think and love, whatever can give me strength and patience, whatever can make me humble and serviceable, though it be a trifle light as air, is opportunity, whose whim it is to hide in unconsidered things, in chance acquaintance and casual speech, in the falling of an apple, in floating weeds, or the accidental explosion in a chemist's mortar. Wisdom is habited in plainest garb, and she walks modestly, unheeded of the gaping and wondering crowd. She rules over the kingdom of little things, in which the lowly minded hold the places of privilege. Her secrets are revealed to the careful, the patient, and the humble. They may be learned from the ant or the flower that blooms in some hidden spot or from the lips of husbandmen and housewives. He is wise who finds a teacher in every man, an occasion to improve in every happening, for whom nothing is useless or in vain. If one whom he has trusted prove false, he lays it to the account of his own heedlessness and

resolves to become more observant. If men scorn him, he is thankful that he need not scorn himself. If they pass him by, it is enough for him that truth and love still remain. If he is thrown with one who bears himself with ease and grace, or talks correctly in pleasantly modulated tones, or utters what can spring only from a sincere and generous mind — there is opportunity. If he chance to find himself in the company of the rude, their vulgarity gives him a higher estimate of the worth of breeding and behavior. The happiness and good fortune of his fellows add to his own. If they are beautiful or wise or strong, their beauty, wisdom, and strength shall in some way help him. The merry voices of children bring gladness to his heart; the songs of birds wake melody there. Whoever anywhere, in any age, spoke noble words or performed heroic deeds, spoke and wrought for him. For him Moses led the people forth from bondage; for him the three hundred perished at Thermopylæ; for him Homer sang; for him Demosthenes denounced the tyrant; for him Columbus sailed the untravelled sea; for him Galileo gazed on the starry vault; for him the blessed Saviour died. He knows that whatever diminishes his goodwill to men, his sympathy with them, even in their blindness and waywardness, makes him

poorer, and he therefore finds means to convert their faults even into opportunities for loving them more. The rivalries of business and politics, the shock of conflicting aims and interests, the prejudices and perversities of men, shall not cheat him of his own good by making him less just or kind. He stands with the Eternal for righteousness, and will not suffer that fools or criminals divert him to lower ends. If we have but the right mind, all things even those that hurt, help us. "That which, befits us," says Emerson, "embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. The life of man is the true romance which when it is valiantly conducted, yields the imagination a higher joy than any fiction." May we not make the stars and the mountains and the all-enduring earth minister to tranquillity of soul, to elevation of mind, and to patient striving? Have not the flowers and the human eye and the look of heaven when the sun first appears or departs, power to show us that God is beautiful and good?

Shall not the great, calm Mother whose fair face, despite the storms and battles of all the ages, is still full of repose and strength, teach us the wisdom of brave work without noise or hurry? It seems scarcely possible to live in the

presence of nature and not be cured of vanity and conceit. When we see how gently and patiently she effaces or beautifies all traces of convulsions, agonies, defeats and enmities, we feel that we are able to overcome hate and envy and all ignoble passions.

Since life is great, nay, of inestimable value, no opportunity by which it may be improved can be small. Higher things remain to be done than have yet been accomplished. God and His universe still wait on each individual soul, offering opportunity. In the midst of the humble and inevitable realities of daily life each one must seek out for himself the way to better worlds. Our power, our worth will be proportionate to the industry and perseverance with which we make right use of the ever-recurring minor occasions whether for becoming or for doing good. Opportunity is not wanting — there is place and means for all — but we lack will, we lack faith, hope, and desire, we lack watchfulness, meditation, and earnest striving, we lack aim and purpose. Do we imagine that it is not possible to lead a high life in a lowly room? That one may not be hero, sage, or saint in a factory or a coal-pit, at the handle of the plough or the throttle of the engine? We are all in the centre of the same world and whatever happens to us is great, if there be greatness in

us. The disbelievers in opportunity are voluble with excuses. They cannot; they have no leisure; they have not the means. But they can if they will; leisure to improve one's self is never wanting, and they who seek find the means. There is always opportunity to do right though he who does it stand alone, like Abdiel,

> "Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."

Let a man but have an aim, a purpose, and opportunities to attain his end shall start forth like buds at the kiss of spring. If we do not know what we want, how shall anything be made to serve us? The heedless walk through deserts in which the observant find the most precious things. Little is to be hoped for from the weavers of pretexts, from those who tell us what they should do, if circumstances were other. What hinders helps, where souls are alive. Say not thou lackest talent. What talent had any of the great ones better than their passionate trust in the efficacy of labor?

The important thing is to have an aim and to pursue it with perseverance. What is the aim the wise should propose to themselves? Not getting and possessing, but becoming and being. Man is not only more than anything that can belong to him; he is greater than planets and

solar systems. We easily persuade ourselves that were circumstances more favorable we should be better and happier. It may be so, but the mood is weak and foolish. There is never a question of what might have been where true men think and act. The past is irrecoverable. It is our business to do what we can here and now, and regrets serve but to enfeeble and distract us. The boundless good lies near each one, and though a thousand times it has eluded us, let us believe that now we shall hold it fast. From failure to failure we rise toward truth and love. The ascent is possible even for the lowliest of God's creatures. When, indeed, we look backward through long years of life, lost opportunities rise before us like mocking fiends crying, Too late, too late, Nevermore, nevermore; but the wise heed no voice that bids them lose heart. They look ever forward, they press toward the mark, knowing that the present moment is the only opportunity. Now is the day of salvation, now is the day of doom. The individual is but as a bubble that rises from out the infinite ocean of being and bursts in the inane; but his life is nevertheless enrooted in the Absolute, and all the circumstances by which his existence is surrounded and attended are but meant to awaken in him a knowledge and appreciation of his abiding and inestimable

worth. They all, therefore, are or may be made opportunities. The paramount consideration is not what will procure for him more money, finer houses, better machines, more rapid or more destructive engines, but what will make him wiser, stronger, holier, more loving, more godlike. The useful is not the best; or shall I say that the most useful is that which serves divine ends, which though it provide not bed or board, illumines, exalts and enriches the life of man? Emerson rightly affirms that they are beggars who live but to the useful.

All things exist for God and to educate man into his likeness. If one were but high and pure enough he would scatter blessings as the flower fragrance, and all who came near him would depart made sweet and rich as the air the flower has kissed. To rise daily out of one's self toward truth and beauty and goodness is the secret of becoming day by day more like unto God.

We imagine that we lack material things, but what we really need is more and diviner life. Money is but a remedy for poverty, and poverty is but one of many evils; and if we give our hearts chiefly to riches, we leave ourselves exposed to all the ills that make man miserable, save one.

We find ourselves where we seek ourselves —

in matter or in mind, in the low world of mere sensation and base desire, or in that where souls are transfigured by truth and love. Perfection, indeed, is beyond our reach, but they who seriously strive to become perfect acquire excellences and virtues, taste a peace and a joy of which the many have hardly a conception. When we act in the light of the ideal of human perfection, all the ways of life become plain, and opportunity is ever present and appealing. We find it in youth and in age, in glad days and in sad days, in health and in sickness, in poverty and in wealth, in the panorama of nature with its change of seasons, its sunsets and dawns, its mountains and oceans, its plains and rivers, and in the only less marvellous world of literature and art. What are the senses but permanent opportunities, inviting us to look that we may see and know, to listen that we may hear and understand? What is success but a command to attempt still higher things? What is failure but an exhortation to the all-hoping heart of man to make another venture? At whatsoever moment we awaken to the meaning and worth of life there is work for us to do. No one, it may be, will pay us for it, but God and nature are always with us, assisting us in every effort to become wise, strong, and virtuous. If we can-

not do great things, there is ever-present opportunity of doing small things well; and great occasions come to those alone who make good use of the hundred minor offices and occurrences with which the lives of all are filled. If we fail in the dangers and temptations which none escape, it is because there is some fault in our daily life, in our habitual state. Everything has a meaning, has truth and nourishment for those who are wholly alive, and opportunities come crowding in upon them — opportunities to learn, to admire, to love, to cheer, to console, to enlighten and guide. Is there not always opportunity to deny one's self, to refrain from facile and cheap pleasures that we may make ourselves capable of pure joy? Pleasure is the bait on Nature's hook and they who bite are caught. Pleasure is death's forager. If we are but true and high in the common affairs, nothing shall have power to harm us. Is opportunity lacking to be polite, obliging, discreet and amiable, to listen with attention or to speak what is better than silence, to observe carefully, to bear bravely and to do right? Is it difficult to find occasion for being sincere and honest? Honesty is the best policy, because an honest man, whether or not he get place or money, is a genuine man, self-approved, and pleasing to God. In poverty he is rich, in prison he is free.

Whatever his outward fate and fortune, failure cannot touch him, for to be a genuine man is the highest we may know on earth. Is opportunity lacking to speak truth and to live within one's means — to obey the two great commandments, Do not lie, Do not go into debt? Lying makes us vile in our own eyes, and debt makes us slaves.

What innumerable blessings we miss through lack of sensibility, of openness to light, of fair-mindedness, of insight, of teachableness, — virtues which it is possible for all to cultivate! The best is not ours, not because it is far away and unattainable, but because we ourselves are indifferent, narrow, short-sighted and unsympathetic. To make our world larger and fairer it is not necessary to discover or acquire new objects, but to grow into conscious and loving harmony with the good which is ever-present and inviting. How much of life's joy we lose from want of a fearless and cheerful spirit. The brave and glad-hearted, like the beautiful, are welcome in all companies.

It is our own fault if beauty is not ours. A fair and luminous mind creates a body after its own image. With health and a soul, nor man nor woman can be other than beautiful, whatever the features. The most potent charm is that of expression. As the moonlight clothes

the rugged and jagged mountain with loveliness so a noble mind transfigures its vesture.

There is little truth in Voltaire's assertion that opportunity for doing mischief is found a hundred times a day; of doing good, once a year. Doubtless it is easy to fall, easy to descend the downward and open way that leads to ruin, and hard to retrace one's steps; and they who seek occasions for gross indulgence or aught else that is unworthy, find them. Life is full of beauty, it is full of hideousness. To each one is left the choice whether he shall take the good or the evil. They who prefer darkness to light, lies to truth, hatred to love, strife to peace, pleasures to joy, do not lack occasions. Indeed, virtue is difficult, vice easy. Disease, not health, is contagious. Folly comes unsought, wisdom only when entreated.

Evil association more surely corrupts than good improves. Occasion makes the thief, not the honest man. To be idle is pleasant, and the idle are easily tempted and quickly yield. In fact, opportunity is servile and compliant. What use is to be made of it depends on him to whom it is offered. He may adore or he may mock, he may love or he may scorn, he may get understanding or steep himself in denser ignorance, he may play the hero or prove a coward, become saint or devil. On him it

depends whether or not he shall know the right moment, receive the heavenly messenger, and be made glad and strong by the fair countenance of truth.

> "This could but have happened once,
> And we missed it, lost it forever."

A noble character produces no impression on a vulgar mind. The pure and innocent awaken coarse thoughts in sensual natures. No place is so sacred, no being so holy as not to be perverted to base uses by base men.

The man himself is the best part of the opportunity. The starlit heaven is not sublime when there is no soul capable of awe; the spring is not fair where there is no glad heart to see and feel. Opportunity is living correspondence with one's environment. Where there is no correspondence there is no opportunity. For ages the exhaustless resources of America lay unknown and unutilized, because the right kind of man was not here. The Kimberley diamonds were but worthless pebbles, the playthings of the children of savages, until it chanced that they fell under the eye of one who knew how to look.

All nature is crammed with precious, nay, divine things, for those who can see. Innumerable men and women had seen the kettle boil,

but it occurred to only one that the force which lifted the lid might be confined and made to do human service.

The man finds or makes his opportunities, and in turn they help to make him.

The multitude will not lay hold on opportunity unless it be thrust upon them; and even then they are listless and unresolved; and therefore are they condemned to remain inferior. The few who rise above the crowd are ever alert to discover how they may improve themselves, and become helpers and leaders.

We are born to grow — this is the word which religion, philosophy, literature and art ceaselessly utter; and we can grow only by keeping ourselves in vital communion with the world within and without us. Use or lose is Nature's law; also, use and improve. If a little money is taken from us we make ourselves miserable, and all the while we are permitting the wealth which enriches the mind to slip from us as though it were the dirt from which the gold has been sifted.

There are few whom routine work keeps busy more than ten hours in the twenty-four. Allow eight hours for sleep and two for meals, and there remain four for self-improvement. How is it possible, you ask, to live without recreation and amusement? Find them in the effort to

upbuild your being, and joy and fulness of life shall be yours beyond the reach of kings. Learn to think, and you shall never lack pleasant occupation. Bring your mind into unison with the currents of thought which are found in the books of power, and you need be neither lonely nor depressed. The transfusion of thought is more quickening than the transfusion of blood. As in the midst of battle the soldier is often unconscious of his wounds, so they who have a purpose and seriously pursue it, easily become indifferent to the troubles which make weaker men wretched.

Games and other amusements doubtless have their uses, especially for the young, and for all who are feeble in body or in mind, but when we consider that they are generally occasions for wasting time, and so, a chief obstacle to human advancement, it is difficult not to condemn the apathy, the indifference to the meaning and worth of life which makes possible their universal prevalence. They are least harmful in the home, and even there what irreparable loss they involve! Economy of time is more indispensable than economy of money; for it is a means not only of getting money, but of getting what is vastly higher and more precious — wisdom and virtue. All else may be made good, but time misspent is lost forever. It is

the element in which life exists, and to squander it is to dissipate vital force. What increases health and strength of body is good unless it diminish vigor of mind or weaken the will to devote one's self to right human ends. The passion and persistence with which athletic sports are followed in our colleges and universities undermine moral and intellectual ambition just at the time when the formation of character and the acquisition of knowledge are of the highest importance. Those whose ideal is athletic are in danger of not looking higher than the prize ring. True human power is not physical; its seat is in the mind, in the will, in the conscience. Let our schoolboys be happy and joyous, let them divert themselves, in a free spirit, like gentlemen, but let them not lay the stress of their attention and admiration on rowing or leaping or kicking a ball or hitting it with a bat, nor imagine that great skill of this kind is helpful or desirable. It is generally an accomplishment of those whose spiritual being is callous or superficial. These sports are not the best means even for promoting health and physical culture, which are the result of moderate, not violent exercise, of temperance, cleanliness, sleep, cheerful thoughts and worthy aims followed in a brave and generous spirit. Mere strength of body is not a test either of endur-

ance or of vitality. We die from sensual excess, or from despondency, or from both. Indulgence and disappointment kill more than work, which if it be full of joy and hope, brings length of days. Worry, whatever its source, weakens, takes aways courage, and shortens life. Our sons murder us, said a rich man, speaking of a friend who had just died.

The sweet idleness praised by poets and lovers is not idleness, but leisure to give one's self to high thoughts and loftier moods. The really idle are oppressed by a sense of fatigue, and therefore tiresome to themselves and others. Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this do not convert them, nothing will. Those who live in inaction on the fruits of the labors of others lose the power to enjoy, come to feel existence to be a burden, and fall a prey to life-weariness. He sits uneasy at the feast who thinks of the starving; he is not comfortable at his own fireside who remembers those who have none. To know that life is good one must be conscious that he is helping to make it good at least for a few.

Work, not play, is the divine opportunity. The outcome of civilization, if we continue to make progress, must be that to each and every one work shall be given to do, which while it provides the necessaries and comforts of life,

will cheer, strengthen, console, purify and enlighten; and when this day comes the nineteenth century shall appear to have been but little better than the ninth; for a society in which millions are condemned to do dehumanizing work or starve is barbarous.

The century which is now drawing to end has been so filled with wonders, with progress in science and wealth, with discoveries and inventions, that it seems to illumine the pages of history with a blaze of glory. But it is not all light. The failure is as serious as the success is great. The individual has not risen as his knowledge has widened and his environment improved. What he is, is still held to be less important than what he possesses and uses. In the mad race for wealth multitudes are sacrificed as pitilessly as in warfare; they are dragged by competition to the verge of starvation; they are driven to work under conditions which dehumanize. Greed has led to a world-wide struggle as cruel as that of nature, in which only the strongest or the most cunning and conscienceless survive. Our society makes criminals, and our penal institutions harden them in wrong-doing. The people are taxed to support vast armies and to supply them with more and more expensive and effective instruments of murder; and wars are waged not to liberate and uplift weaker

races, but to rob and oppress them; and these crimes are committed in the name of religion and civilization. The great powers of Europe look on in stolid indifference while helpless populations are massacred; and America, which has always meant good will to men and opportunity for all, seems to be drifting away from what Americans have loved and lived for into the evil company of these Old-World nations, drunken with lust for conquest and lust for gold. While knowledge grows, while man's control over the forces of nature increases, the individual seems to be losing his hold on the principles which underlie right life. The power of sustained thought, of persevering labor for high and unselfish ends, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, faith and hope, the love of liberty and independence are, it is to be feared, diminishing.

There is still evil enough in the world to save us from self-complacency, from the foolish and vulgar habit of self-laudation, but the triumphs of the nineteenth century have been sufficiently real and great to inspire confidence and courage in the young who are preparing to take their place in the twentieth as strong and faithful workers in every righteous cause.

Here in America, above all, the new age approaches offering opportunity. Here only a

beginning has been made; we have but felled the forest, and drained the marsh, and bridged the river and built the road; but cleared the wildwood and made wholesome the atmosphere for a more fortunate race, whom occasion shall invite to greater thoughts and more godlike deeds. We stand in the front rank of those who face life, dowered with all the instruments of power which the labors of the strongest and wisest in all time and place have provided.

We might have been born savages or slaves, in a land of cannibals or tyrants; but we enter life welcomed by all that gives worth and joy, courage and security to man. There is inspiration in the air of America. Here all is fresh and young, here progress is less difficult, here there is hope and confidence, here there is eagerness to know and to do. Here they who are intelligent, sober, industrious and self-denying may get what money is needed for leisure and independence, for the founding of a home and the right education of children, — the wealth which strengthens and liberates, not the excess which undermines and destroys. The material is good but in so far as it is a means to spiritual good. The power to think and appreciate the thoughts of others, to love and to be happy in the joy, the courage, the beauty and the goodness of others, lifts us above our temporal en-

vironment, and endows us with riches of which money can never be the equivalent. A great thought or a noble love, like a beautiful object, bears us away from the hard and narrow world of our selfish interests, dips us in the clear waters of pure delight, and makes us glad as children who lie in the shade and catch the snowy blossoms as they fall.

No true man ever believes that it is not possible to do great things without great riches. When, therefore, we say with Emerson, that America is but a name for opportunity, we do not emphasize its material resources or the facility with which they may be made available. He who knows that the good of life lies within and that it is infinite, capable of being cherished and possessed more and more by whoever seeks it with all his heart, understands that a little of what is external is sufficient and is not hard to acquire. He, therefore, neither gives himself to the pursuit of wealth or fame or pleasure or position, nor thinks those fortunate who are rich in these things. He feels that the worst misfortune is not the loss of money or friends or reputation, but the loss of inner strength and wholeness, of faith in God and man, of self-respect, of the desire for knowledge and virtue. The darkened mind, the callous heart, the paralytic will — these are the root evils. Is man a

real being, with an element of freedom, responsibility and permanence in his constitution, or is he but a phantom, a bubble that rises and floats for a moment, and then bursts in the boundless inane, where all things disappear and are no more? This is the radical question, for if the individual wholly ceases to be at death, the race itself is but a parasite of a planet which is slowly perishing; and life's formula is — from nothing to nothing. But nothingness is inconceivable, for to think is to be conscious of being: something exists; therefore something has always existed. Being is a mental conception; and when we affirm that it is eternal we affirm the eternity of mind, that mind is involved in the nature of things. It is the consciousness of this that makes it impossible for the soul to accept a mechanical theory of the universe or to rest content with what is material. It is akin to the infinite Spirit, and for man opportunity is opportunity to develop his true self, to grow in wisdom and love. What he yearns for in his deepest heart is not to eat and drink, but to live in ever-increasing conscious communion with the vital truth which is the soul's nourishment, the element in which faith and hope and freedom thrive. The modern mind, having gained a finer insight into the play of the forces of nature, which are ceaselessly being transformed into new modes

of existence, seems threatened with loss of the power of perceiving the Eternal. But this enfeeblement and perturbation are temporary, and on our wider knowledge we shall build a nobler and more glorious temple wherein to believe and serve, to love and pray. That man, who lives but a day and is but an atom, should imagine that he partakes of the attributes of the eternal and absolute Being, would seem to be absurd. None the less all that is most real and highest in him impels to this belief. To lose it is to lose faith in the meaning and worth of life; is to abandon the principle that issues in the heroic struggles and sufferings, by which freedom, civilization, art, science, and religion have been won and secured as the chief blessings of the race. It is not possible to find true joy except in striving for the infinite, for something we have not yet, which we can never have, here at least. Hence, whatever purpose a man cherish, whatever task he set himself, he finds his work stretching forth endlessly. The more he attains the more clearly he perceives the boundless unattained. His success is ever becoming failure, his riches poverty, his knowledge ignorance, his virtue vice. The higher he rises in power of thought and love, the more what he thinks and loves seems to melt away and disappear in the abysmal depths of the All-perfect

Being, who is forever and forever, of whom he is born, and whom to seek through endless time were a blessed lot. It is the hope of finding Him that lures the soul to unseen worlds, lifts it out of the present, driving it to the past and the future, that it may live with vanished saints and heroes, or with the diviner men who yet shall be.

The best moments are those in which we stay within ourselves, alone with God and all His world of truth and beauty. This is the sage's delight; this the student's. This is the ever-welling source of joy for all who cherish the soul and bear it company. This is the solitude which for open minds and pure hearts is peopled with high thoughts and blissful yearnings. In the crowd, in the society even of one or two these heavenly visitations never or seldom come. By the harvest we reap from the inner eye's contemplations we are nourished and strengthened to bear and do our share in the sufferings and achievements of the wise and good. Lovers themselves feel most the blessedness of love when they are parted, left to visions and dreams of the ideals by which they are haunted.

"Wherever it is possible to live it is possible to live well — even in a palace," says Marcus Aurelius, implying that right life is most difficult in high places. Why, then, should we

wish to dwell in a great city or to have great wealth or notoriety? These things are distractions and hindrances. They draw us from out the depths of the soul and thrust us into the midst of noise and confusion, of strife and envy, or they lead us into the pitfalls of sensuality, taking us away from ourselves to make us the sport of the mob of time-servers and idlers. To live for an hour alone with God gives us a more intimate sense of the value and sacredness of life than to dwell for years in the company of worldlings. O highest and best, source of all, of all father, guide, and nourisher, from out the midst of infinite mystery and suffering we look to Thee! On Thee our faith and hope and love, on Thee our need and despair still call. We cannot grasp Thy being or comprehend Thy ways. We can but know Thy truth, Thy goodness, and Thy beauty. It is enough: Thou art with us; in Thee we live. What Thou doest is eternally right; on Thee we throw the burden of our lives. Thou art, Thou hast ever been, Thou shalt be forever; Thou holdest us in Thy sight whether we live or whether we die.

The measure of the value of opportunity is its influence on religious and moral life. We are athirst for God, and finding Him not we harden to mere materialists, or sink into leth-

argy, or drown consciousness in the sloughs of sensuality. In the end, each one has but himself, and if God be not in that self, he is poor and wretched, though he possess a universe; for with a few spadefuls of earth on his head it will all be over forever.

The vanity, the nothingness of the individual, when his existence is thrown against the background of eternity and infinity, is appalling, but when it is lifted into the light and life of the Almighty Father, who is truth and love and righteousness, it acquires divine meaning and worth.

To throw away life is the greatest crime we can commit. It is our duty to live; therefore it is our duty to live in ever-increasing completeness of faith and love, of wisdom and power; for if we cease to grow, we begin to die. The body indeed is doomed to decay, but the soul was made to rise toward God throughout eternity.

The only right opportunities, then, are those which help to make us god-like — strong, patient, active, fair, wise, benevolent, useful, and holy.

Genuine progress is spiritual. The man has higher value than the machine. Nietsche holds that it would be right and admirable to sacrifice all men actually existing, if it were possible thereby to originate a stronger species. This,

he says, would be real progress. But if there is no divine Being, no immortal life, this mightier superhuman, who would also have keener insight, would but see more clearly the misery and futility of existence.

Let us rather listen to Matthew Arnold, when he declares that whatever progress may be made in science, art, and literary culture, however much higher, more general and more effective than at present the value for them may become, Christianity will be still there, as what these rest against and imply; as the indispensable background, the three-fourths of life.

It is only when we walk in the spirit and follow in the footsteps of the Son of God, that we come to understand that life is opportunity, rich as earth, wide as heaven, deep as the soul.

We weary of everything, — of labor, of rest, of pleasure, of success, of the company of friends, and of our own, but not of the divine presence uttering itself in hope and love, in peace and joy. They who live with sensual thoughts and desires soon come to find them a burden and a blight; but the lowly-minded and the clean in heart, who are busy with whatsoever things are true and fair and good, feel themselves in a serene world where it is always delightful to be. When we understand that all is from God and for Him, and turn our wills wholly to Him, trouble,

doubt, and anxiety die away, and the soul rests in the calm and repose that belong to whatever is eternal. He sees all and is not disturbed. Why should we be filled with apprehension because there are ripples in the little pond where our life-boat floats?

Since He has made us for everlasting bliss, He has made us to be happy now in the work that lies at our hand or in the sorrow and suffering we must bear. Whatever brings a high thought or a gentle or a generous mood is consecrated as though wafted to us from the wings of angels. Had we the power to gratify every wish and whim, human life would become impossible. God's love is as manifest when He hems us in as when He enlarges the bounds in which He permits us to move. We ask blindly for many things, when all that we need is that He guide us. "Thy will be done," is the sum of all true worship and right prayer. The rest is aside from the divine purpose, and could it be realized would make the world a chaos or a desert. We should not love the flowers if it were always spring; and our purest pleasures would pall did not pain and loss come to teach us their worth.

Life is action; but to be passive, awaiting the utterances of God, through whatever medium they may come, is often the highest wisdom. To souls that are calmly expectant, whisperings

become audible, as in the silence of serene nights, which tell of diviner worlds, where it is eternally well with the gentle, the loving, and the pure of heart.

There is no worse perversion of Christian truth than to maintain that the Saviour taught that to make one's self miserable here is the means of attaining future blessedness. They who follow Him walk in the way of peace and joy. They are unafraid. They dwell in a heavenly kingdom. The Omnipotent is their father, with them in death as in life. They need little, nor fear to lack that little. Suffering makes them wise and strong. They are able to be of help, for they think not of themselves. They do no evil, and therefore can suffer none. They despise not this present life, for they are conscious that even now they are with God and are immortal. Since universal love is the law of Christ's religion, they thrust forth whatever may foster the spirit of distrust and alienation. It is weakness and ignorance to imagine that to dislike those who have a creed or a country other than ours, is proof of piety and patriotism. The bitterness we cherish against others makes our own lives bitter; the wrong we do them we ourselves must suffer. We play the Pharisee when we think or believe as though we were superior to the rest of men.

The followers of the Divine Master best know that true men need not great opportunities. He himself met with no occasions which may not be offered to any one. His power and goodness are most manifest amidst the simplest and lowliest surroundings. To beggars, fishermen, and shepherds he speaks words which resound throughout the ages and still awaken in myriad hearts echoes from higher worlds. Whether He walks amid the cornfields, or sits by the well, or from a boat or a hillside speaks to the multitude; whether He confronts the elders who bring Him the guilty woman, or stands before Pilate, or hangs on the cross, He is equally noble, fair, and God-like. The lesson He teaches by word and deed is that we should not wait for opportunity, but that the secret of true life and best achievement lies in doing well the thing the heavenly Father gives us to do. He who throws himself resolutely and with perseverance into a course of worthy action will at last hear the discords of human existence die away into harmonies; for if the voice within whispers that all is well, it is fair weather, however the clouds may lower or the lightning play. What we habitually love and live by, will, in due season, bud, blossom, and bear fruit.

Whatever opportunity is favorable to genuine life, to its joy, purity, beauty, and power, is

good; whatever occasion is hurtful to such life is evil. In each one's path through the world there are a thousand pitfalls, into any one of which he may step unawares. Let us take heed therefore and choose our way.

Let a man have a purpose, let him resolve and labor to make of himself a good mechanic, or merchant, or farmer, or lawyer, or doctor, or teacher, or priest; but first of all let him have the will and the courage to make of himself a true man, for else there shall be no worth in him. On the miser, the drunkard, the liar, the lecher, the thief, no blessings can fall. Our value is measured by that of the things we believe, know, love, and strenuously strive to accomplish.

Make no plans, entertain no schemes. Think and do day by day the best thou art able to think and do. This is the open secret, which all might learn and which only a few know. But to them it reveals the way to the highest and the holiest.

Busy thyself not with what should be corrected or abolished; but give thyself wholly to learning, loving, and diffusing what is good and fair. The spirit of the creator is more joyful and more potent than that of the critic or reformer. Budding life pushes away the things that are dead; and if thou art a wellspring of vital force, thou shouldst not be a grave-digger. The test

of a man's strength and worth is not so much what he accomplishes as what he overcomes. When circumstances favor, the lesser man may do the greater work, as cowards who are armed conquer heroes who are weaponless. He who has made his own the spiritual wealth of all the ages, knows more and can do more than the mighty men of the past, who excelled him in natural endowment and in virtue. The wise therefore are not exalted in their own conceit by the advantages and opportunities they enjoy, but they are made humble rather when they remember the greater and worthier men who, lacking all save honest minds and true hearts, hewed their way through a thousand obstacles to freedom and light.

Few can utter words of wisdom, but opportunity to speak kind words is offered to every one; and they are more helpful.

When we are thrown with persons who have feeble mental culture, but who are mild, simple, and true, we feel how little intellectual accomplishments contribute to form what is best in man. They who have the mother virtues are not injured by their ignorance of the objections which would discredit all virtue. The best is within the reach of all; therefore it is not to be found in great possessions or exalted position or abstruse thoughts. The reward of all right

life is increase of the power of living rightly. The world can give to the hero or the saint nothing that is comparable to the growing strength and joy there is in being a hero or a saint. "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." Opportunity for many things may be lacking, but it is always possible to do what belongs to one's condition; and if it be only to wait and suffer, the right spirit will make this enough.

Whatever is inevitable or irremediable is, in so far, part of the divine purpose, and to accept it with a brave trustfulness is the only wisdom; but let us be slow to believe that a thing is inevitable or irremediable. Walk perseveringly in the light of a great purpose, and difficulties shall disappear, even as the horizon recedes before the advancing step. Have faith in thyself and in God, and thou shalt be borne upward and onward as by invisible tireless wings fanning the ethereal element, where the soul breathes its proper atmosphere and knows nor doubt nor fear. If small things are given thee to do, do them as though they were great, since for thee their significance is infinite.

We are the slaves of our needs — the fewer they are, the freer are we; the higher they are, the nobler the masters we serve. Not independence, but interdependence, is the law of our life. It is only in ministering to one another, in

bearing one another's burdens, in sharing one another's joys, that we become human and truly live. Let us draw closer together, that we may feel the pulsings of divine sympathy and love in one another's hearts. If we stand apart we shall be stranded in the great river, we shall miss the good of living, we shall lose God. Life is communion and helpfulness; death is disintegration and impotence. A spiritual empire, a heavenly kingdom can be constituted and sustained only by the moral and mental union and communion of its citizens, and this can be brought about and kept vital only by right education. When a noble faith and great thoughts strike root in the heart and mind of a people, it is held together by bonds which no catastrophe, no conquest, no dismemberment or dispersion can loosen; and without a noble faith and great thoughts neither military power nor vast territory nor wealth can give to a people a permanent place in history or a lasting influence on the progress of the race. All else passes and becomes as though it had not been, but what the world once recognizes and accepts as a vital truth, as an ideal of human perfection which cannot be outgrown, remains a possession forever to purify and enrich life.

Opportunity in the highest sense of the word is opportunity for education, for making our-

selves men. This end every occasion should serve, since for this we are born. "We should, as far as it is possible," says Aristotle, "make ourselves immortal, and strive to live by that part of ourselves which is most excellent." Now, the testimony of the wise of all ages agrees that a virtuous life is the best and the happiest. Choose and follow it then though thou find it hard; for custom will make it easy and pleasant. Piety nourishes faith, hope, and love, and therefore sustains life. If thou seekest for what is new and also permanently interesting, live with the old truths, until they strike root in thy being and break into new light and power. The happenings of the day and year are but novelties, but bubbles that burst in the vacant air; that which is forever new is ancient as God. It is that whereby the soul lives. It was with the first man when first he blossomed forth from eternity; it is with thee now and shall be with all men until the end. It is the source whence thy being springs: its roots dip into infinity; its flowers make the universe glad and sweet; it is the power which awakens the soul to the consciousness of its kinship with Him who is all in all, who is life and truth and love, who the more He is sought and loved doth seem to be the more divinely beautiful and good. Learn to live with the thoughts which are

symbols of His Eternal Being, and thou shalt come to feel that nothing else is so fresh or fair. As a sound may suggest light and color, a perfume recall forgotten worlds; as a view, disclosed by a turn in the road may carry us across years and oceans to scenes and friends long unvisited; as a bee weaving his winding path from flower to flower may bring back the laughter of children, the songs of birds, and the visionary clouds fallen asleep in the voluptuous sky of June; so the universe will come to utter for us the voice of the Creator, who is our Father. Nothing touches the soul but leaves its impress, and thus, little by little, we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated; and if we learn to live with all that is fairest and purest and best, the love of it all will in the end become our very life.

II

WOMAN AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION[1]

Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge when sincerely sought and prized
For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labor won, and fit to endure
The passing day: should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed
Before antiquity and steadfast truth,
And strong bookmindedness; and over all
A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

WORDSWORTH.

AS we look back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the achievements with which it has been crowded thrill us with a sense of gratitude and wonder. In its hundred years man has made greater progress than in any preceding thousand. His control of nature seems now first to have begun. Steam and electricity have placed him in a new world

[1] Address delivered under the auspices of the Auxiliary Board of Trinity College, at the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., January 16, 1899.

where time and space lose half their tyrannous power. With utmost speed he flies over oceans and continents, delivering his precious wares in every part of the earth; the electric current writes his thought at the distance of thousands of miles; he holds conversation from city to city; his streets and houses are as luminous almost by night as by day. Photography places before the eyes of all whatever is worth seeing in any part of the world. Spectrum analysis reveals the relative heat and chemical constitution of the stars; the Röntgen rays make the opaque transparent, while the use of anæsthetics and antiseptics renders the most difficult surgical operations painless and free from risk. The eighteenth century has not a single discovery or invention which may be compared with any one of these. In the seventeenth we have the telescope and some rude beginning of the steam engine; in the sixteenth nothing of the first importance; in the fifteenth, the printing press, and in the twelfth the mariner's compass, which made possible the discovery of America. To find another invention of world-wide import we must go back to the mythical time when the alphabet and the Arabic numerals were first introduced and became the great instruments for the increase, diffusion, and preservation of knowledge, or to

a still remoter period when man first began to understand the uses of fire or the power of culture to cause wild grasses and shrubs to bear nutritious grain and delicious fruits.

But the progress of the nineteenth century has not been solely or chiefly material and practical. The advance in theoretical knowledge has been great enough to change the point of view from which we contemplate the heavens and the earth. The principle of the conservation of energy, of definite and multiple proportions in chemistry, and the theory of organic evolution have given us deeper insight into the laws which govern the universe. The discovery of the function of the cell in all vital processes, and of the part germs play in zymotic affections, has given us a truer knowledge of the conditions of health and of the means of prevention and cure of disease. Geology has rewritten the history of the earth; physiology has reconstructed the human body; philology has thrown light on the origin and growth of language, and sociology has explained the principles by which human aggregates are upbuilt and destroyed.

But it is especially in the matter of education that the superiority of our age over all others is most manifest. In the past, knowledge was the privilege of the few, and the masses were

ignorant; and hence the State was monarchical or aristocratic, even when the form of government was called democratic. By the beginning of the present century, however, a gradual movement, which has been in progress from the beginning of our era, whose origin, impulse, and abiding force were Christian, had brought the multitude to a perception of their rights and powers, and in consequence had sharpened the sense of the need of popular education. All, it was felt, should be taught, since all have duties to perform and rights to defend. The public opinion which demanded that education should be made universal was led by a logical necessity to ask that it be made free, and therefore that the schools be maintained by a system of taxation imposed by the State. The result is that illiteracy has almost disappeared from the great Christian nations, and that the average intelligence of the world has become much higher than it has hitherto ever been. The theory that the citizen needs instruction that he may properly fulfil his functions as a member of a free State is now merging into the wider view that man must be educated to be made rightly human; and thus the ideal of good citizenship is giving way to that of perfect manhood. Having built schools for all, we feel that our chief business

now is to improve them until they become nurseries of a richer, nobler, and more Godlike life.

In considering this question, another superiority of our century — its chief glory perhaps — a splendor which falls on our own country more than on any other, is revealed — the position and the opportunities it has given to woman. The indelible stain on the page of history is the world's treatment of woman. Through the ages man had been unjust to man, cruel even, but woman seemed to be almost beyond the pale of humanity. She was his drudge, his slave, his chattel. She was a thing to be bought and sold, to be played with in idle hours, and for the rest to be immured in the twofold darkness of ignorance and confining walls.

The savage went wife-hunting as he hunted beasts of prey; the barbarian also captured his woman in war, or he bought her; the civilized pagan was a polygamist, or looked on himself as wholly free from obligations of marital fidelity. Woman was the great outcast of the human race, and it would seem that only the coming of a god could have given her courage to hope for a better fate.

"She is an impudent animal," says Seneca, "and unless she has advanced in philosophical

knowledge and in various learning, she is cruel and incontinent." "Neither in woes nor in welcome prosperity," says Æschylus, "may I be associated with womankind." In the Hebrew Scriptures we have indeed a nobler view of woman's worth; it is, however, but a partial light. It was Christianity that gave the first impulse to the recognition of her dignity and mission. The Virgin Mother of Jesus was lifted up before the eyes of the world as an ideal; women were the Master's most devoted disciples; they were among the first and most enthusiastic converts the Apostolic preaching made; and as martyrs for the faith they met death with a constancy and heroism unsurpassed by their husbands and sons.

"What women these Christians have!" exclaimed Libanius, the friend of Julian. It is on the womanly virtues that Christ seems to lay chief stress, as it is in propagating them that His religion has been most successful. Love, chastity, enthusiasm, devotion, self-surrender, and self-consecration to the highest aims, are woman's strength and glory, and in the exercise of these heavenly powers she has shown herself superior to man. The great renunciation, the supreme act whereby one turns from the superficial and animal self to the real self, whose world is unseen and permanent, the con-

dition on which alone one can enter Christ's Kingdom, is easier for woman than for man. Unlike the philosophers, the divine Master appeals to the heart rather than to the head, and to such appeal woman more readily than man yields glad and spontaneous assent. What He asks first and last is that we be drawn to Him, that we love Him with a personal love, stronger than all earthly ties, and of such love woman is more capable than man. He first understood the heart of woman, and the divine words He spoke to her who dried with her hair the feet she had bathed in tears, lifted the whole sex to a higher and wider plane of life. Woman, who followed Him in life, who stood beneath His cross, who watched by His grave till she saw Him rise immortal, has ministered to Him with an undying devotion through all the centuries even until now, when at last she stands side by side with man, as mother, wife, and friend; his equal, his counsellor, his inspirer, his guide and best defence.

The transformation has indeed been slow, as the whole upward movement of the race has been slow, but the force that has wrought the change is not machinery or trade or philosophy or science, but the Christian religion which consecrated purity and deified love.

The custom of ages, become a second nature,

which led man to look upon woman as inferior because she had less muscular strength, was not easily overthrown, nay, it has not yet been wholly done away with; but the enlightened opinion of the world is no longer guided by physical standards in its estimate of human worth, and woman's delicacy of bodily structure, in ceasing to be a disgrace, has become the vesture and symbol of her spiritual excellence.

The Christian ideal is moral rather than intellectual. The followers of Christ find themselves in a school of religion and virtue, not in a school of philosophy. A pure and loving heart, yearning for peace and righteousness, is to be preferred to a mind curious for knowledge and busy with speculation about what is beyond man's reach. The childlike enter the kingdom of heaven. It is the home of the meek and humble. The world of the senses is transitory, is largely an unreal world; the soul's abiding dwelling is in the unseen, which is permanent and infinite, toward which it stretches the arms of faith, hope, and love. The rest is illusion of the senses, is vanity. The farthest vision of the mind can but show us that God loves the good. Do right and fear him — this is the whole of life.

It is but natural, then, that the Christian world should have turned its first thought and devoted

its prime energy to moral culture. Nay, it is forever true that knowledge without virtue is worthless, that the science which does not make man better is as though it were nescience.

Let us therefore be patient as we watch the slow progress of the world in the things of the mind. In the end, few of us can know much, and all of us are called on to do much. Little learning is needed when the heart is right, and great learning will profit nothing if it be wrong.

Nevertheless, reason is man's highest attribute — it is what makes him man; it is the power which gives meaning and value to all he hopes or loves or does. It is the immediate revelation of God in each soul; the arbiter of conscience, the master-light of all our seeing, the fulcrum on which we rest to move the universe in the direction of divine and eternal purposes.

It is not the privilege of a few; but all, if they be rightly educated, may be made capable of judging truly and discerning wisely; and the public opinion which recognizes this principle in theory impels more and more to its actualization. In the primary and secondary schools throughout Christendom girls and boys are taught the same things, by the same methods, and with equal success; but the inveterate prejudice which held woman to be mentally as well as physically inferior to man has not yet alto-

gether or everywhere been overcome when there is question of the highest intellectual culture. The old sophisms have not wholly lost their persuasiveness, despite the marvellous progress in education made by woman, especially during the latter half of the present century.

It is still asserted that woman is incapable of serious mental training, and that the habits she forms in attempting to acquire the best education make her discontented with her proper work, unfit her to become wife and mother, take from her something of the sweetness, purity, and moral beauty which constitute her greatest charm, and on which the welfare of the race so largely depends. A learned woman still appears to some of us to be an abnormal being. We do not, of course, agree with Fénelon when he says that contact with learning would be almost as fatal to womanly delicacy as contact with vice; nor with Lessing in the opinion that the woman who thinks is as ridiculous as the man who puts on rouge; but there are still many serious minds who are not without grave misgivings as to the result of the higher education of women. In reply to whatever doubts and objections of this kind, it is enough to say that the adversaries of the highest intellectual culture for women either do not understand what education is or do not believe in its divine efficacy. Education is

simply the process whereby the powers which constitute a human being are strengthened, developed, and brought into act. If these endowments are good, education is good; and the best is best, whether for man or woman. What interests the one must interest the other; what benefits the one must benefit the other. Women not less than men need strong and open minds, the capacity to form definite ideas and sound judgments, to deduce conclusions logically from premises, to weigh evidence and to estimate the value of proof. They, more than men even, may be helped if they are permitted to live in the high and serene worlds which the study of philosophy, poetry, history, and science will throw open to them; for they, probably more than men, dwell in the present, are too much dominated by the senses; and a better education, by enabling them to live more in the past and the future, will tranquillize, deepen, and purify their whole being.

What shall women learn? Whatever experience and the insight of the wisest have shown to have most efficacy in opening, strengthening, and suppling the mind, whether literature or science or metaphysics or history. Is not such superficial acquaintance with these branches of knowledge as may be made in our academies and other similar schools for girls sufficient for them? It

is sufficient for those who cannot or will not take up the work of intellectual culture in a serious spirit and with earnest purpose, and these unfortunately are the many, whether there be question of women or of men. A few only are urged by the impulse to grow ceaselessly in mental power, as but a few hunger and thirst for righteousness. They are the best; their value is greater than that of numbers, because their life is of a higher quality and potency. It is they who uplift the ideals in whose light the multitude walk; it is they who open ways to undiscovered worlds; it is they who show to the crowd what right-hoping and right-daring human souls may achieve. Were it not for them the whole people would sink to lower planes of thought and aspiration.

Now, these chosen ones, whom God bids grow unceasingly, are not found in one sex alone.

The eternal womanly, which the poet says draws us up and onward, leads woman herself to yearn for the infinite best. Who shall hope by futile argument to stay her feet in the way in which the inner voice bids her ascend? Her average intelligence is not less than that of man, and if hitherto no one of her sex has been able to enter the small circle of supreme achievement, it is permitted to believe that this may be due to the force of custom, habit, opinion, and

law, and not to inferiority of mental endowment. If a few women of exceptional gifts and attainments have seemed to lose something of feminine virtue and refinement, this, it is lawful to think, is to be ascribed to the accidents of individual character or to the environment into which they have been thrown. The best intellectual culture can have no tendency to make man or woman coarse or flippant or irreverent. On the contrary, it is favorable to the virtues and graces which go to the making of a gentleman or a lady. An open, flexible, and enlightened mind wins its way to all companies more surely than the charm that lies in mere accomplishments or in tricks of dress and behavior. Beauty itself, to which a very real value belongs — beauty of feature, and above all beauty of expression, the luminous mind suffusing the countenance with a spiritual glow and radiance, is heightened by intellectual culture.

The more we learn to live in the serene air of delightful studies the longer do we retain the freshness and charm of youth. The more adaptable also do we become, the more capable of high and ennobling companionship. In marriage, as in friendship, as in whatever sphere of life, human relations are chiefly spiritual, and the more thoroughly educated a woman is the more able is she to fulfil in a noble way the

duties of wife and mother. The primary aim, however, is not to make a good wife and mother, any more than it is to make a good husband and father. The educational ideal is human perfection, perfect manhood, and perfect womanhood. Given the right kind of man or woman, and whatever duties are to be performed, whatever functions are to be fulfilled, will be well performed and well fulfilled. Woman's sphere lies wherever she can live nobly and do useful work. The career open to ability applies to her not less than to man. We may not put legal or social restrictions on the spiritual growth of the one or the other. It is good to have a strong and enlightened mind; therefore it is good for woman to have such a mind. It is always good to know a thing; therefore, it is good for woman to know whatever she is capable of knowing. To be a human being, many-sided and well-rounded, is to be like God; therefore, it is good that woman be developed on many sides in harmony and completeness.

Since the close of our civil war America has entered on the work of providing for the higher education of women, with an energy and a generosity unequalled by any other country. With us women have access to all kinds of schools, and to nearly all the professions. They are no longer accustomed to look to marriage as to

their one aim in life. They are brought up to trust to their own intelligence and industry to maintain themselves in the world. Their success in study is equal to that of men, and their eagerness to improve themselves seems to be greater. The number of women who, in the various institutions, are receiving the higher intellectual culture is large, and it is rapidly increasing. These institutions are of three kinds: In the first, men and women are educated together, as at Oberlin and most of the Western universities; in the second — Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr — women alone are received; and then there is a third type — Radcliffe, Barnard, and Evelyn — in which education is given exclusively to women by Professors of Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton.

These higher schools for women, to whichever type they belong, are not all equally good, and in some of them doubtless grave defects are found; but the best of them afford facilities for thorough intellectual training or special research not existing in similar institutions elsewhere, even in Europe, and certainly not in our Catholic academies for young ladies. Our Catholic schools have grown to be a fact of national significance. In them we are already instructing more than a million pupils, and, while the number is constantly increasing, we

are making strenuous efforts to improve the efficiency of the teaching. Our Sisterhoods have made this work possible, and their spirit of self-sacrifice, their courage, their eagerness to follow in the way of pedagogical progress are our chief ground for having confidence in the continuance and development of our system of religious schools.

Of the education they give to girls it is not necessary to speak in praise. Their success in cultivating the virtues which are woman's glory — lacking which no degree of mental culture can make her beneficent and delightful, — pure-mindedness, modesty, patience, piety, reverence, gentleness, amiability, and helpfulness — is conceded by friend and foe. On this foundation must we build if we would raise woman's mind to the ethereal heights of intellectual truth and splendor, without risking the loss of her heart of goodness and love. It is from this foundation that Trinity College shall rise. It is the logical result of our secondary schools or academies for girls, as the university stands as the natural development of our system of secondary schools or colleges for boys. A woman's heart founded the University, and women will upbuild and maintain Trinity College. Here shall they stand side by side, a light and encouragement, each to other, twins

of learning, to scatter over the land the blessings of religion and knowledge. The graduates of our academies, who feel the impulse to mental progress urgent as the growth of wings, will flock here as to a central home of learned men and wise women.

The genuinely great are seldom to be met with. How rare is a great poet, artist, historian, orator, general, physician, or lawyer. So rare also are great teachers. Nay, rarest of all, it may be, since it is not the intellect or the imagination or the heart alone that educates, but the whole man. Agassiz held that a student gains more by being brought into contact even for a brief time with a man of profound knowledge on whatever subject, than a professor who knows little more than he attempts to teach could give him in many months. As we become capable of deeper insight, the clearer shall we see that only the greatest men and women can educate. The rest are repeaters and trainers. Take from any nation the hundred minds who are first in all the spheres of human activity, and the national life is lowered.

This is also true of the Church, for in the supernatural as in the natural, God works through agents; and the radical blunder is to imagine that He will do immediately what He has made us capable of doing for ourselves.

Indeed, there is nothing which Catholics more need to learn, in whatever part of the world they may live, than that it is vain and superstitious to hope that God in some miraculous way will come to save them from the perils into which blindness, sloth, and indifference may have thrown them. Human endowments remain latent unless self-activity bring them into play. We are not born men, nor do we become men through a process of spontaneous development. We make ourselves men by long study and labor, by observation and reflection, by holding the mind steadfastly to the light of reason and the will to obedience to the stern voice of duty. True manhood is the result of severe and constant discipline, and the merely natural man is little more than animal.

But culture, like religion, is propagated; it is a light transmitted by luminous minds and ardent souls. It is a torch carried in the hands of genius, or in the hands of those whom deep yearning for truth and beauty makes twin brothers of genius, and whoever would catch a spark from the heavenly flame must draw near to these light-bearers. Since the propagators of culture are few, is it not wise to gather them in centres to which all who seek illumination may repair? It is idle to hope that we shall find genuine teachers in many places. Such

teachers are not many, and to have their proper influence they require the right environment.

What we most need in America to-day is concentration, not expansion. The depth, not the tumult of the soul, is pleasing to the gods. It is easier to found a hundred schools than to create one which shall radiate enthusiasm, courage, and enlightenment. For us the Catholic University is the one institution which it is possible to make a centre of intellectual life for the Church in America. Of the urgent demand for such a centre it is scarcely necessary to speak. To those who cry, Wait! echo will answer, Too late. On all sides there is a vast and eager movement toward higher culture of mind. The material aids, both the State and the generosity of individuals provide with a lavishness which in other ages would have seemed fabulous. The progress America is making in university education, if not the most striking, is one of the most real and potent influences in shaping our national character and destiny.

The relatively higher intelligence of the masses makes thorough mental discipline indispensable in the few. Not only are the multitude more intelligent than they have ever been, but the best knowledge on all subjects is now within the reach of many readers, so that in every community, in every audience, there are some at

least who will not tolerate that the accredited public teachers should give evidence of ignorance or of the lack of the best training. In former centuries there have been men of superior genius, as well as individual minds of wide knowledge, but never has there been an age so enlightened as our own. In the presence of all this it were blindness in Catholics to rest content with what they have done or are doing. The life that is not growing is decaying. The self-complacent are, at the best, futile beings — as leaders and educators of men they are wholly incompetent. We are striving to help the abandoned, the fallen, the old who have none to care for them. Let us do more to bring into play the endowments of the strong, quick to recognize and appreciate talent in man or woman, and ready to offer opportunities for its development.

Let us not be so dull as to ignore the gifts of woman. Let us not be of those who still doubt whether it is not better that she should be a simpleton; who think that only superficially educated women can make good wives and mothers. If, as Goethe says, it is a frightful thing to see ignorance at work, is it not most frightful when the work is that which woman is called to do in the home and in the school? In all companionship the lower tends to pull

the higher down, for it is easy to sink and hard to rise. Hence, an ignorant wife and mother will dull the minds of her husband and children, while one who is intelligent and appreciative will be for them a strong stimulus to self-activity. It is the nature of an enlightened mind to diffuse light, of a generous soul to make love prevail, of a noble character to build character. American education, whether given by the State or by the various religious denominations, is now largely and increasingly in the hands of women, and if progress is to be made, they must themselves receive a more thorough mental culture. If to demand the higher education for women still seems absurd to some, let us recall that for ages it was deemed preposterous to give her any education at all. If in the past she has been mentally inferior, is it not because the incentives, means, and opportunities of intellectual growth were denied her? If her capacity has seemed to be chiefly that of a domestic, is it not because she was refused admission to wider fields?

To discourage is to enfeeble; to destroy self-confidence is to blunt the spur to noble action; and yet it has been held wise and by many is still thought proper to take a deprecatory tone whenever there is question of conceding to

women the opportunities of education and work which are given to men. Let us assume their capacity; let us help them to believe that they are able, and they will be able. Above all, let us applaud and assist every effort made by women themselves to uplift, strengthen, and enlighten woman.

It is the privilege and the glory of the English-speaking peoples, with the noise of whose deeds the world is filled to-day, to have been the first to understand woman's right to the highest education, and to provide for her the opportunities.

We Catholics who are part of the life of the English-speaking race; we, whose ancestors in the faith first uplifted to the eyes of the world the *Ideal Woman*, who have ever been the foremost in proclaiming the infinite worth of chastity, the mother-virtue of womanhood, we surely must feel a thrill of joy when we behold the open door inviting women to enter the institutions where highest wisdom is taught. Is this not a favorable omen for the Church, since the lack of religion among such numbers of men in France, and in other countries, is doubtless due, in no small degree, to the very imperfect mental culture of their mothers and wives? Were it not enough if we could only hope that the man who is to be shall be parted as by a

gulf from him who has been and still is? And may we not find some ground for such hope in the ascent of women to wider and nobler life? That which draws us on is the thing that is to be. To this the all-hoping human heart turns ever from the world of facts, since what has become is fixed and limited, and we are dwellers in a boundless universe. It is this that gives the bud a charm denied the full-blown flower. It is this that bends the race in glad service to the dawn of promise that lies in childhood's eyes; it is this that makes right life a ceaseless effort to attain what is for evermore about to be; it is this that makes us the bond-servants of noble thoughts and high aims, willing, if thus led, to perish rather than to succeed in the bare world of what is merely matter.

Ah! hasten then the day when Trinity College shall stand beside the Catholic University, twin stars, to lure and illumine the all-generous souls who are drawn to God by the love of truth and goodness and beauty.

III

THE UNIVERSITY: A NURSERY OF THE HIGHER LIFE[1]

In my time and country learning cures the disease of the purse fairly well; that of souls not at all. To him who has not the science of virtue all other knowledge is harmful.

MONTAIGNE.

AN irresistible instinct impels man to preserve and diffuse life, and therefore it is his nature to think it good — not only good but the standard by which all values are measured.

Life is good, and the highest life is the highest good. The morality of action is determined by its bearing on life. Religion and conduct spring from faith in its worth and sacredness, and urge to efforts to attain its maximum. That men might have life and have it more abundantly, the Saviour came and the church was established. For this the state also exists. To increase the power and quality of life schools are founded, literature and science are studied, the arts are cherished.

[1] Address delivered at the dedication of Holy Cross College, Catholic University, Washington, D. C., October 13, 1899.

Life, more life, ever-increasing life, is the aim and end of all we think and do. To inquire whether life is worth living is absurd, for life loves itself, and love originates all worth. Misconduct or misfortune may in individual instances enfeeble or even destroy the will to live, but the love of life — and therefore the belief in life's goodness — is indestructible.

Each new soul as it rises into consciousness is baptized with the waters of gladness; it feels that to be alive is joy, and its radical impulse is toward more and ever-more life, and this is true also of the race, which, blindly indeed, and along mysterious ways that often seem to turn and sink, has risen with ineffable yearning and struggle and hope toward larger and freer life, attaining through the lapse of centuries to truer knowledge, to worthier ideals, and to juster standards of conduct. Faith in the worth and sacredness of life is, at bottom, faith in God as essential life. Our courage, our strength and gladness increase not when we look below, but when we look above. From whatever depths we have ascended, the height which calls us is infinite. The universe is not made of atoms. Atoms are but mental conceptions whereby we represent the world as a mechanism held together and controlled by causes. In reality it is not a mechanism — it is an organism, a sys-

tem of means and ends. We therefore get at the secret and joy of life not by knowing, but by willing and loving; not through scientific abstractions, but through faith and conduct. The simplest soul wholly intent upon righteousness lives in a higher sphere than the philosopher who, neglecting his own perfection, gives himself up to research and speculation. The highest truth is practical; it is that which makes us wiser, braver, and holier. This is the truth which we should most cherish and diffuse in the home, in the state, in the church, and consequently in the university. They are all schools, and their worth is proportionate to their influence on life. The ideal is moral; not mental excellence, but human perfection.

Civilization is the unity of a people's moral will manifesting itself historically. The universities of the past, as those of our own day, have but partially fulfilled their mission, because they have failed to foster a deeper and purer moral life. Nay, often they have been and still are the nurseries of vice. The radical failure is moral failure, and the education which does not promote conduct, which does not build character, bears within itself a mortal taint. Our life is controlled and directed vastly more by what we feel than by what we know, and the power to feel and will is as educable as the in-

tellect. We can be taught to believe, hope, and love, to be brave, kindly, and helpful, more easily than we can be taught to think; and without moral earnestness in the pursuit of truth it is not possible to learn to think to good purpose. When philosophy is studied as an intellectual pastime and conduct is looked upon as a matter of policy, no genuine education can be given or received.

Religious faith and conduct are the basis of right human life, and the student who is not inspired by this principle may become a brilliant or a famous, but not a great or a noble man. Hence, whatever removes the dangers that threaten moral purpose, as wealth and luxury, is helpful to the life of the scholar. "What rendered the University of Paris powerful, nay, positively formidable," says Savigny, "was its poverty. It did not possess so much as a building of its own, but was commonly obliged to hold its meetings in the cloisters of friendly monastic orders. Its existence thus assumed a purely spiritual character and was rendered permanently independent of the temporal order." Its students were distinguished not less by their ardent application than by their poverty. It arose, like our own university, out of the faculty of theology, wrought in the spirit of a large philosophy, embracing the rational interpreta-

tion of the phenomena of mind and matter, was free from professional and technical aims, and was, throughout the middle ages, rightly regarded as the mother of universities. In every true university there must be a great moral purpose; and a great moral purpose, to be inspiring and contagious, to have educational efficacy, must draw its nourishment from a deep and pure religious faith. Personal morality must be enrooted in the conviction that righteousness is life; if it be but a matter of convention and prudence, it is a dead and profitless thing.

It is doubtless the business of a university to educate the intellect, to make mental culture its direct scope; but knowledge should not be separate from wisdom, nor moral from intellectual excellence. The primary and essential aim is to form men, not scholars. The scholar, like the author or the artist, is an inferior being unless he is also a noble character — brave, loving, pure, upright. Organization, buildings, endowments and privileges cannot make a school. There must be an inspiring idea, a lofty aim, a living purpose, animating both teachers and pupils. All else is idle, if this be lacking. In a university founded on religious faith and principle this truth applies with special force. Though religious faith is the great fountain-head of conduct, religion is not always a synonym for

morality, — on the contrary, it may associate itself with every human weakness and vice; but to have educational value it must be vital, must have the power to stimulate and nourish man's moral not less than his intellectual life. To be the highest it must be favorable to the highest life, and the highest life is found in seeking not the knowledge which is sterile, but that which fulfils itself in deeds.

They who realize how much of the spiritual activity of the present age is found outside of the church cannot but see that the Catholic religion must more and more cease to be a power in the world unless Catholics themselves become morally and intellectually more alive. They must learn to understand that it is more important that they should do good than that they should do it in a particular way, more necessary that they should think than that they should think alike. In the presence of the vast movement of the modern world we Catholics seem to have grown timid, as though we feared lest human opinion should prevail against truth, man against God; and this lack of courage, which comes of little knowledge and less faith, makes us weak and despondent. Whatever is an aid to human progress is favorable to the Christian religion, to the worship of God in spirit and in truth. We must learn to walk without fear in the midst of a world

of widening knowledge, to welcome every addition to the treasure-house of the intellectual wealth of mankind, as a preparation however remote for the Kingdom of God, for whose coming the Saviour has taught us to pray. There is nothing in Catholic faith which should impede advance in any department of learning. It is only when we come to draw inferences that the church sounds the note of caution; and this, if rightly understood, is helpful alike to the progress of science and to the soundness of religious doctrine.

All facts are sacred, since truth is sacred; and consequently there can be no reason why a Catholic university should impose restrictions upon inquiry and research. The intellectual interests of mankind, if not the highest, are at least immeasurably important, and to attempt to thwart them would be to place one's self in opposition to the mightiest force which the Eternal Father has confided to His children. It profits nothing to gain the world, if the soul is lost; but the world of which the Saviour speaks is that of greed, lust, and ambition, not that of knowledge, science, and philosophy. Hence the Christian ideal excludes pride and sensuality, not intellectual power. It is reason that makes us capable of religion, and therefore to improve the mind, to dispel the darkness

of ignorance which is the cause of three-fourths of our sins and miseries, is to work with God for the good of men. The spiritual union to which all generous souls aspire cannot be brought about by authoritative utterances, for we hold vitally only the truths which our own self-activity kneads into our intellectual and moral constitution; and spiritual unity is the result of truth held in common, whether through faith or knowledge, and held vitally, not mechanically. Reason and authority are not antagonistic; on the contrary, no authority is legitimate unless it is approved by reason. Are we not eager to claim great and enlightened minds when they are friendly to our faith? Do we not appreciate the Catholics, at least when they are dead, who, despite human frailty and error, have done memorable things? Do we not extol the church for what, in ages that are gone, it accomplished in behalf of literature, art, and science? Do we not hold that modern civilization is largely due to the influence of the Catholic religion?

And what is all this but to proclaim our own shame, if we are retrograde, cowardly, and inactive; if we suffer ourselves to be thrown into antagonism to living and fruitful movements; if, losing confidence in ourselves and in our cause, we drift aimlessly and pour forth vain

lamentations over a past which cannot return? For history does not repeat itself. The environment is not the same, and the human factors change ceaselessly. Hence antiquarian reactions lack vitality. They fail even when they seem to succeed. In America the past has but feeble hold on our young and eager life, and we are too absorbed in our work to think of the present. The future therefore lures us with irresistible power. To commend a religious faith to us for its achievements in other ages is to plead in vain; as to strive to bring back the conditions of former times is labor lost. Were it possible, our world would not have it. If we are to act along an inner line upon the life of America, we must bring to the task a divine confidence that our Catholic faith is akin to whatever is true or good or fair; that as it allied itself with the philosophy, the literature, the art, and the forms of government of Greece and Rome, so it is prepared to welcome whatever progress mankind may make, whether it be material or moral or intellectual; nay, that it is prepared to co-operate, without misgivings or afterthought, in whatever promises to make for higher and holier life. Why turn regretful eyes to some buried century, which, if we knew it better, we should esteem less? The best things lie before, not behind us.

Out of nothingness the race, like the individual has come forth, and our way leads toward infinity — from God to God. This is the best we know. Knowledge grows, power increases, freedom is enlarged, good will spreads to wider circles. Has faith ceased to be a virtue, hope a source of courage, love the fountain of life, that we should linger amid ruins and funeral monuments, weeping for the things which are no more? He who wrought with diviner efficacy than all the Apostles, heeded not what was gone, but moved toward the future with a heart which knew neither doubt nor fear. Let the dead past lie in peace with its dead; we are the children of light and life. Increasing knowledge will doubtless lead to changes of which we scarcely dream; but in the meantime wisdom demands that each use what insight and power is given him to educate himself and to help others. We ask not whether one lives in an enlightened or a barbarous age, but whether he is a true and noble man; not whether he dwells in a great city or in a desert, but whether the world of his consciousness is wide, beautiful and high. Wherever we are, however surrounded and attended, we cannot live except in our minds and hearts. If all is well there, the rest need give us little concern. Let us learn to trust the Power by which we live, and

to place less reliance on what is adventitious. They who are too much defended and protected, whether by the church or the state or the school or the home, never acquire the courage and skill to defend and protect themselves.

The university student reaps the special fruit which such education should bear only when he acquires the philosophic mind, whose attributes, Newman says, are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom. "If any man," says Bacon, "thinks philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are from thence served and supplied. And this I take to be a great cause that hath hindered the profession of learning, because these fundamental knowledges have been studied but in passage." In the university the student finds men who really know what they are supposed to know, whose knowledge is derived from original sources and habitual self-activity, and who while they teach continue to drink at these fountain heads. They themselves keep growing, and therefore they have the power to stimulate growth in others. Not all, indeed, possibly not many are such men; but if there be one or two they will become known and be followed; for the larger liberty granted in universities tends to bring the seekers after wisdom

under the influence of the best masters; since students, more than others it may be, have a horror of bores, and will, if this be at all possible, flee the halls where they set up their melancholy chairs.

If university students live and die commonplace men or worse, they never were in a true university, or they never should have been in any. At the best the school can but stimulate and guide in the work of mental and moral discipline. The decisive thing for each one, if there be any special significance and value in his life, is not what he is taught, but what he teaches himself. The business of education is "to strengthen man with his own mind," and this each one must learn to do for himself. But the young are little able to abstract for themselves; and if they are to walk in the light of true ideals, these must be proposed to them in concrete form in the home, in the school, in the church, and in the state. The feebler their reason the greater their readiness to follow examples. Hence the all-importance of character in the parent, the teacher, the priest, and the ruler. Nothing is so delightful and bracing as the company of the wise and magnanimous. They create a climate in which the soul prospers; in which it is easy and natural to think great thoughts and form high resolves; in which

youthful minds, as Plato says, seize on knowledge so readily that they seem to have come from a previous life and to be picking up again what they had known, not learning something new. Is it credible that influences which remain associated with dulness, monotony, fatigue, and fear should be perennial sources of joy and strength? Things will never improve so long as teachers take up their daily task, not in the spirit of sowers and reapers who sing in the pleasant air, but in that of hirelings who must work or starve.

Where the young are rightly taught, books and teachers suggest glad thoughts. We tell them that their school days are the happiest, and it is our fault that they find it impossible to believe us. The world composes its countenance to the expression assumed by the king; and since great men are rare and are not to be found in many places, therefore must there be a centre, a university where they may lead their lives and set up their chairs of high and contagious wisdom; where, separating themselves from the noise and tumult of current events, they may acquire an enlargement of view, a depth and elevation of thought which will give them power to mould and fashion hearts and minds; where they may be surrounded by the privileged few who crave knowledge as the

eye light, — not chiefly with a view to its use, but because it is essential to the perfection of man's nature, in whom this craving, slowly gathering force, deepens into a passion and urges them ceaselessly onward, as saints are drawn by the ideal of holiness, as the purest souls are attracted to God, and who therefore stand forth from the multitude whose mental curiosity is soon satisfied and becomes a merely mechanical habit. The teacher is worth what the man is worth.

Great teachers make great schools. Socrates is the first university man. He is followed by Plato, who is succeeded by Aristotle, and they are still the masters of those who think; for they pursued and taught philosophy as a theory of knowledge and life, and there is and has been no great school in which this study is not carried on in their spirit. Alexander the Great, the pupil of Aristotle, in founding a city at the mouth of the Nile, established there, about three hundred years before the birth of Christ, the first university with a distinctive form and organization, and it soon attracted the most eminent scholars, and became a centre of inspiration and light for nearly a thousand years for the studious youth of the civilized world, among whom were some of the most famous of the Christian doctors. When we think of Athens,

Rome, Alexandria, Paris, Oxford, and Koenigsberg we think of the great, wise, and laborious men whose names are forever associated with them, — men whose religious, moral, intellectual, and esthetic genius has illumined, ennobled, and strengthened the race to which they belong. These centres, whence has radiated so much of the best we know and love, never lose their interest, because the lives of genuine and enlightened men can never cease to charm and help. What divine purposes does not a real centre of the highest intellectual and moral life serve? If we are to have good primary and secondary schools, good academies and colleges, we must first have genuine universities.

Progress spreads from the summits, as the sun gilds the mountain tops before its light floods the plain. It is in the university that the science and art of education, its history and methods are studied to best advantage. It creates a demand for more thorough preparatory training. It keeps up a succession of scholars devoted to the pursuit of philosophy and literature. It is not its business to supply legal, medical, and clerical practitioners. The professions, in one way or another, take care of themselves. Its function is higher. It encourages those especially who pursue the study of the arts and sciences for the pure love of knowledge.

Whether or not it fit a man to achieve what is called success, it will fit him to live wisely and well, like a gentleman and a scholar. In the university are taught the same things which are taught elsewhere; but there they are taught in a purer atmosphere, in a more liberal and disinterested spirit, in the midst of a body of men who represent the whole cycle of knowledge, who are themselves learners as well as teachers, whose enthusiastic and unselfish devotion to culture, religion, and morality, keeps them young, hopeful, and vigorous, making their presence magnetic and their words vital.

Thus it forms spiritual leaders — those who give direction to the thoughts and deeds of the many — men whose minds have been trained and disciplined by studies that have no direct practical end; who take delight in intellectual exercise for its own sake, though their knowledge should have no other value than the enlargement of view it gives them; who deem their gain sufficient if they have learned to think and love great thoughts instead of little thoughts; who, having made themselves a home in their own breasts, feel that palaces and the society of the fairest are poor and paltry in comparison with the worlds they find there; who, clearly perceiving that the essential unity of religion, philosophy, and science is a postulate of reason,

hold fast to this root principle, and move forward, undisturbed by doubts, denials and controversies, which but waste strength. In the middle ages it was the universities, of which Rome was the kindly and genial nurse, that roused Europe to a sense of its need of greater freedom and wider knowledge. Had it not been for them little intellectual progress would have been made. In our own country had we harkened to those who were never weary of asserting that the time had not yet come to found a Catholic university, we should still be standing on the river bank, like the rustic of whom Horace speaks, waiting for the waters to run by. The waters will flow on forever and forever, and they alone who have the courage and skill to swim or bridge the stream take possession of the promised land of a richer life. To expect that the lower schools should rise to greater efficiency and thoroughness when they lack the example and inspiration of a university, is to show one's self ignorant of the most important educational lesson which history teaches.

Whatever may be thought of the moral and religious progress or regress of America, there can be no doubt that our institutions of higher learning have now for more than a quarter of a century been making rapid advances.

All that zeal, ability, and exhaustless financial

resources can accomplish is being done in every part of the country to found, maintain, and improve universities; and the work is destined to proceed with increasing power and speed. It has the approval of public opinion, it is supported by the state, and it enlists the generous, almost lavish, co-operation of men of wealth. It is a protest in favor of the higher life, in the presence of the materialism and greed which threaten to overwhelm us. We feel that to be satisfied with what ministers chiefly to physical needs and comforts is to be superficial and vulgar. A noble nature yearns and strives ceaselessly for the things that feed the mind, the heart, and the conscience. We have come to understand that education in the true and large sense of the word is our one means of improving men, and that it is a delusion to imagine that a reform which is not based on education can be either deep or lasting. The church that is not also a school exerts no vital influence. What is external is perishable. The source of life is within; and the stronger, the purer, the more conscious of itself it becomes, the more is the soul filled with immortal hopes and loves.

This is the root idea of progress, of the progress which enters as an essential element into our conception of life, of the progress which is the soul's effort to realize itself. It begins, in-

deed, with the environment; for those who have no thought of improving their material surroundings rarely have a desire for intellectual and moral advancement. Material progress enables us first to provide for our physical existence, — for health and comfort and length of days, — but its proper human value consists in its power to minister to spiritual uses. Mere animals can do something for their physical well-being, but man alone is able to think and act in obedience to eternal laws of rightness. Where there are justice, morality, liberty, and goodwill, there is civilization; and where these virtues are found in the greatest perfection, there is the highest civilization. Knowledge is power, as money is power; but it is power for good only when it belongs to rightly trained minds and worthy characters. The weak, the superficial, and the incompetent are easily overburdened with knowledge, as the foolish, the prodigal, and the sensual sink beneath a weight of gold; and they who hope to obtain good results by cramming the memory are as blind as parents who think it enough to make their children rich. A strong and flexible mind is better than much knowledge; a brave and loving soul than mountains of gold.

It is the radical fault of our education that, instead of cherishing and developing that which constitutes man's proper worth, it is busy with

imparting information about many things which are but feebly related to true human life. Human greatness depends almost wholly on moral energy. The mind does not illumine the depths in which the heart lives. Reason cannot explain love; it cannot explain religion, which alone builds love's temple. For this cause mere intellectual culture is superficial, a refinement or a gloss, while religion is the power within, which lies at the root of life and transforms the world. Philosophers, like anatomists, dissect what is dead, while souls alive with faith move forward to do and suffer. They ask not for arguments, for they are certain of themselves. But those are the mightiest in whom the power of religion is blended and interfused with the power of culture. They are great and luminous personalities, and personality is the highest fact we know. By personalities religion and culture are created, and by them they are preserved and propagated. In the great work the great person is always present as the great factor.

If ever and anywhere men of exceptional intellectual and moral strength were needed, they are needed by American Catholics, thrown as a minority, burdened with many disadvantages, into the midst of the eager, self-confident and all prevailing democracy of the New World. Here the church lives and acts in virtue of its

own power, neither having nor desiring the support of the state, content to lack the privileges which in other ages resulted from social conditions unlike our own. We could not have these privileges if we would, and could we have them they would hurt, not help us. It is enough that we have the rights which in a free country belong to all alike — freedom to teach, to publish, to organize, to worship. Liberty has, indeed, its inconveniences, its dangers even, but the atmosphere it creates is the native air of generous, fair, and noble souls; and where it is not, man's proper good and honor are not found.

God, says St. Anselm, loves nothing so much as the freedom of his church. In America it is free, free in the only way in which it is now possible for it to be free anywhere, free in the midst of the general liberty of a free people. To lament that we are fallen on evil days would show lack of knowledge, lack of faith. Things have never been right in this world. God made it, not we. Let us take it as it is and do the best we can. Is it not much that here and now, the people whom Christ loved are better fed, clothed, housed, and taught, more thought of and cared for than they have ever been since time began? Shall we complain because here the priest is respected only when the man is worthy? Shall we murmur because here the word of God,

issuing from minds and hearts that are alive and faithful, penetrates more surely and reaches farther than the splendor and pomp of ceremonial worship? Shall we regret the vanished power of prince-bishop and abbots who were feudal lords? Is it an evil that if the rich and high placed are drawn to the church, they are not drawn by the hope of temporal gain?

Is it a grievance that here it is impossible that arbitrary and adulterous emperors and kings, in exchange for a protection of doubtful efficacy, should inflict upon us their oppressive laws and disgraceful lives?

Shall we lose courage because we are thrown back on the inner sources of life, whence alone spring joy and strength? We are a minority; and what lesson shall we thence derive but that we are thereby pledged to devote ourselves with all the more zeal to the cultivation of knowledge and virtue, and to the practice of good works? The majority, Plato says, are wicked. If the multitude belong not to us, there is all the more reason why those who are ours should be pure, sober, honest, and wise. Not by boasting of the great things the church has done, but by becoming true men and doing something worthy ourselves, shall we best commend and show forth the faith by which we live. Liberty is a boon, the source of the highest good, but it is also a

burden, heavy with the weight of responsibility, on which depends man's temporal and eternal welfare; for the free must upbuild their being and bind themselves to the service of God and of men, or the keen air they breathe will intoxicate and drive them to mad excess. "Remember not former things," says Isaiah, "and look not on things of old." Here are we, here is our world, here is our work; we are always in the centre of a universe, and whatever we do, whatever happens to us is great, if we but know how to make use of it. If we would labor for the future we must labor in and for the present. Unless we are inspired by the spirit of the age and country in which we live, how shall men know or love us? If we are not at home in our own time and fatherland, in the midst of what God makes us alive to see and do, when and where shall we find a home?

If we occupy ourselves with what is dead, our vital power shall grow less; if with what is weak and unhealthy, we shall become morbid and ineffectual. Let us be busy with life where it is strong, wholesome, and fair. If our religion bring us courage, joy, and peace, we shall not rail at the faults of men, but shall rather strive from a happy and loving heart to lead them toward the light. Least of all shall we contend and wrangle among ourselves. The words

which a bitter and harsh zeal inspires are from the devil and drive men to him. Spiritual gifts can never be communicated mechanically. He who does not hear them in his own mind and heart cannot make them live in the minds and hearts of others. To believe otherwise is superstition — a superstition which is the bane of true religion. Disputes of theologians, like all quarrels, interest mainly the participants; others they annoy or scandalize. They spring less from the love of truth than from the narrow and unsympathetic temper which is often found in the professional mind and which has wrought infinite evil in the world. Medicine, law, and theology, when followed simply with a view to practice, are not liberal studies; they rather restrict the mental horizon and subdue the mind to what it works in, unless it first be rendered supple, open, and luminous by philosophy, which is liberal knowledge, a gentleman's knowledge, and a chief scope of university teaching.

Genuine devotion to philosophy, religion, or culture is rarely found in envious and contentious spirits. Disputes please the ignorant and the prejudiced; and they who are least concerned for man's highest good are readiest to wrangle about trifles. The air the true student breathes is pure and serene; the thoughts

with which he lives have permanent value, and they are interfused with mild and kindly sentiments. His view is large, and he is tolerant of the little things which irritate the vulgar. He knows that truth does not reveal itself in the storm of controversy, which settles nothing. He cares not for place or popularity, and therefore has not the disposition which makes jealousies and rivalries possible. His clearer vision of the past gives him a greater and more real view of the present. In the dim and sober light of dead empires and civilizations fallen to decay he sees how vain are most of the things which we permit to disturb our peace. He knows that doubts and difficulties are best overcome by doing and suffering, not by arguing and fault-finding. And he understands how easily they who accustom themselves to a circle of narrow thoughts and loves come to think it profane to see God everywhere, and settle in their microcosm, believing it to be His Universe. He will not disturb them, for so it is for them. He is aware also that the worst egotism is not individual, but corporate; that those who as individuals are kindly or even generous lose conscience and grow hard and unrelenting when there is a question of their party or their clique; and that thus what is called patriotism, or what is called religious

zeal, has led men to commit the most atrocious crimes. His prayer is that of Isaias — "Only let peace and truth be in my days." "Let others wrangle," says St. Augustine, "I will wonder."

The true student, drawn by a disinterested curiosity and admiration, occupies himself with the great problems of philosophy, as the highest means of intellectual culture. No other discipline gives such distinction to the mind or so reveals the soul to itself, when it is taught and studied in a free and noble spirit. What is it but the art of thinking applied deliberately to the questions which most profoundly interest man, and which each one, if he is to rise above the level of vulgar opinion, must solve for himself as best he may. It is the most human of all efforts, the effort of man to know himself, to get insight into the mystery of being and life, of spirit and matter, of time and eternity, of God and the soul; and though one should hold that such effort can never attain its object, it must be admitted that it is a noble mental exercise, and the source of pure and enduring delight. It is easy, as it is popular, to speak of metaphysics as an empty and sterile study, but it is easy also to be shallow and crude in one's views; and if there be any sphere where the opinions of the many have little weight, it

is that of pure thought. But those who decry philosophy, like those who decry religion, labor to no purpose; for so long as men continue to think, philosophy will interest them, and so long as they continue to believe, hope, and love, they will turn to God.

Philosophy, certainly, like religion, may be a pretence merely; but for those who enter the inner sanctuary it is wisdom and strength and joy. Nothing else emancipates so effectually from the tyranny of fact or guides so securely across the treacherous sea of theory. It educates the spiritual even more than the intellectual man; and this is the basis of individual character which is itself a chief support of humanity. Faith gives direction to our aims and aspirations, hope strengthens and upholds the will, love expands our whole being by making the not-ourselves ours, while philosophy holds the lamp which illumines our pathway through the universal labyrinth. Its soft and equal light shines in the pure regions where the soul delights to essay its wings; where it breathes an ethereal air which gives it steadiness of purpose and enduring power; where it learns to feel how slight a thing is fame itself compared with the vision of the eternal,—with the knowledge that wisdom is truth, that truth is love, that love is God. Philosophy leads us

into the company of "great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end," where we hear the words of the first world teacher, exhorting us to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. If we are to be freed from ignorance and sin, our deliverance must be wrought from within. Not so much our circumstances as ourselves must be changed. As soft beds and every kind of delicacy fail to make comfortable those who are ill, because the source within has become sluggish and its waters bitter, so nothing external can make us free and joyful if we are prisoners of our own base passions. Without philosophy, in a word, even the most learned men have but a kind of encyclopedic ignorance, for if it bind not the whole, it is all chaos.

Whatever scope we may assign to university teaching, whether with Newman we call it liberal knowledge, or with Virchow, general scientific and moral culture, together with the mastery of one special department — whatever the scope, a true and living philosophy is its first and most essential means of discipline. Where this is lacking there is no university. It is this that lays aright the deep infinite foundations of religious faith; it is this that points out the absolute need of moral culture and conduct; it is

this that shows how every talent may be developed and every susceptibility satisfied; it is this that assigns a place to every advance of science; it is this that teaches us to welcome men of exceptional gifts, whatever their calling or their work; and unless we know how to welcome our greatest men, to give them opportunity and encouragement, to enable them to put their abilities to right uses we are barbarous or decadent. The earth is fit home for a race of much higher average moral and intellectual power than the human has ever attained; and if we are to gain wider life and reach higher planes; if, when degeneracy comes, as it comes to all, we are to leave an eternal memorial of ourselves, we must learn to love and follow the wisest, the best, and the mightiest. In the light and guidance of individual minds of exceptional insight and strength the slow crowd must grope its way to higher things, or not rise at all.

Whether or not universities shall be ultimately able to maintain their freedom under a democratic social system is a problem. As civilization becomes more complex, the means of oppression and tyranny increase; and if the multitude are permitted to degenerate, their jealousy and hatred of superiority will become intensified.

Sparta and republican Rome became strong

by sacrificing philosophy, art, and literature to the requirements of a merely practical and civic education. And this it would seem is the tendency also of the social democracy. It is a false and downward tendency. Individual man does not exist for institutions — they exist for him; and the practical side of life is valuable only so far as it ministers to the spiritual. As the possession of a world could not bless one who is ignoble in himself, neither could it give worth and distinction to a nation whose citizens are ignorant, base, and venal. This is the teaching of Christ; and it is this teaching which has made the alliance of Christianity with philosophy inevitable, even as the doctrine of the brotherhood of the race has led to that of the equal rights of all, and thus to the rule of the people. "But however *Vox populi vox Dei* has prevailed as a maxim," says Locke, "yet I do not remember where ever God delivered His oracles by the multitude, or Nature truths by the herd." When the world is rightly governed it is not governed by the many, but by the wisest and the best. The genius, the hero, and the saint cannot, indeed, be explained by the schools in which they have been taught; but a true school is none the less our most effectual means of forming true men. Self-made men are poorly made. The higher and

the holier the cause, the higher and holier should the leaders be.

Here in America we Catholics have a two-fold work to perform, and higher or holier task God never intrusted to human agents. We have to upbuild and firmly establish in this new world of universal opportunity, feverish energies, and tumultuous passions, the church which has been handed down to us through the centuries, and which sprang from the mind and heart of Christ, uttering himself on the cross; and we have to do our part in purifying, uplifting and civilizing the masses to which we belong, and who, if they are to be and remain capable of self-rule, must be taught by science, morality, and religion to govern themselves. Knowledge alone will not suffice, and a merely philosophic morality has no significance or efficacy for the multitude. The moral dynamics of a people lie in its religion. Society rests on conscience, not on science. "Religious education," says Balzac, "is the great principle of the life of society, the only means of diminishing the total of evil and of augmenting the total of good in human life. Thought, the foundation of all good and of all evil, cannot be disciplined, controlled, and directed except by religion; and the only possible religion is Christianity, which created the modern world and will preserve it."

The Catholic view of education is the result of genuine insight into man's true nature, which is sacred and godlike. To educate him merely with a view to his ease, comfort, enjoyment, and dominion over material things is to take him out of the divine element in which he belongs. Do we not all recognize that to quicken the wits and leave the conscience untouched is not education?

Is not the most vital question which Americans can ask themselves, this — How to make our schools centres of moral influence? Can we not see ominous signs of degeneracy in the greed which everywhere is eating away the public conscience; in the universal craving for indulgence and luxury; in the dying out of the sense of honor and of the sacredness of the oath; in the loosening of the marriage tie; in the loss of obedience and reverence in children; in the worship of success; in the exaggerated confidence in the power of machinery; in the turning of the theatre into a forecourt of the temple of Astarte; in the popularity of coarse mockers, for whom nothing is holy, who are little else than intellectual malefactors? Is there not need of making our schools centres of moral influence, all the more urgent because most of the churches seem to be drifting away from the eternally vital truth into mere sensationalism? How shall we make the school a centre of

moral influence? The answer is not difficult. Morality, like culture, like religion, is propagated, not evolved. The devout communicate the spirit of piety, as the luminous mind rouses those on whom its light falls. Character builds character. Which are the virtues that make man worthy and strong? Are they not truthfulness, sincerity, reverence, honesty, obedience, chastity, patience, mildness, industry, politeness, sobriety, reasonableness, perseverance? Who then can propagate these virtues? They in whom they are living powers — they and they alone.

National regeneration is not possible without moral regeneration; moral regeneration can be wrought only through a right education of the whole man and the whole people, and this can be given only by men and women who live in the mind, in the heart, in the conscience; whose souls are filled with light and suffused with love; who have made it impossible for themselves to take pleasure in any amusement or occupation whatever unless they can in some way make it contribute to their own improvement, and so to the common good. The first thought in every true university is to mould and fashion men; and only in so far as they are a means to this end do refinement, polish, taste, and learning become an aim and ideal.

Style and form and various knowledge are important, but they are vital only when they help to express the truth known and loved by ardent souls inspired by genuine enthusiasm and a great purpose.

To have right principles is an excellent thing, but the worth of a school can be known only through results. Education, like medicine, is largely a matter of experiment. Our schemes and theories are vain, unless they stand the test of application. Are schools religious if they do not make men religious? Are they educational if they do not make men moral? Is universal instruction a good if it weakens faith in the eternal principles which underlie right human life?

That we might have one centre where our educational principles should be put to the test under the most favorable conditions this university was founded; that we might make it plain to ourselves that the patience, the self-denial, the unworldly temper, the persevering industry, which alone can mould great scholars and intellectual leaders, are still to be found among us, at least in a few; and that these few should become for us who are thrown into the cares, distractions, and businesses of the world, as beacon lights to the storm-tossed sailor, as well-springs to thirsty travellers through arid

plains, as the voices of valiant captains to their soldiers amid the clash of arms and the roar of battle; that when men tell us that our religion deprives us of mental freedom and of the power to pursue science in a disinterested spirit, we might, instead of having recourse to speculative arguments which are ineffectual, or of going back to past ages, which is not to the point, simply say, Behold our great school and the clear, searching light that is there turned on whatever most interests the human mind. That we too, we, the children of centuries of oppression and poverty, might now stand forth in the front ranks of thinkers and lovers of their fellows, to help illumine this great turbulent democracy and guide it along the uncertain ways, to fairer, wider, purer life; and that we might thus show that there is in our Catholic faith a power of self-renovation, — that its vital principle has not been exhausted by the struggles of ages, but that it is destined some day to become the inner and organizing force of society, and will then reveal itself to the whole world in all the depth of its truth and in all the wealth of its blessings — for all this and much more the Catholic University of America was founded.

It came into existence in the midst of doubts, misgivings, and oppositions of various kinds. Its earliest history is one of difficulties and

trials. Never before had American Catholics undertaken a work whose significance and influence should be as far-extending as the country itself. Diocese after diocese had been organized; churches and schools, asylums and hospitals had been built at a thousand points; a numerous body of devoted priests and religious men and women had been formed; and the most seemed to be willing to rest content with this expansion and growth in numbers. But to some at least it was manifest that, if this vast and rapid development of the church in the midst of the greatest democracy that has ever existed was not to end in decay or confusion, it was imperative that we should establish here a common centre of the highest spiritual life, intellectual, moral, and religious, where men of exceptional gifts might receive an exceptional culture; for such men are urgently needed everywhere, as heads of our dioceses, seminaries, colleges, and parishes. In positions of authority weak and ignorant men do greater harm than men who are wanting in virtue. The worst ruin, both in the church and in the state, has been wrought by those whose intentions were good, but whom a narrow and unsympathetic temper, a weak and vacillating purpose, and an unenlightened zeal blinded and misled.

In a society like ours, where there is little reverence, little respect for anything save power, whether it be power of money or power of mind, it is not enough that the priesthood be blameless. The painfulness of the preaching will distract attention from the holiness of the life. If we are to draw and hold public interest we must be able to do more than appeal to the authority of the church and the Bible; we must know how to speak to the God in each man's bosom. Like every true teacher, the priest, though he is not expected to say all that he knows, must survey the whole field of knowledge and be at home in every department of learning; for only those who know the whole can take up a subject with a master's skill and follow it in all its bearings, certain at each moment of their position. "Ignorance," says Benedict XIV., the most learned of the popes, "ignorance is the fountain-head of all evils;" and when it is found in a priesthood it is always associated with inner decay, with indolence, indifference, and self-indulgence.

No laborer leads a life of such intense and unremitting toil as a real student. A voice cries out to him ceaselessly that he must renounce. Do without, do without! This is its one message; for it is only by turning away from the hundred things men seek that it is

possible to strengthen and temper the mind so that it shall be able to give itself wholly to truth. He is not a degenerate, he is one in whom life's current is rising, for in him the love of knowledge and virtue overcomes the love of ease and pleasure.

To give examples of such a life, to train a chosen few in this high and severe discipline, who shall then scatter throughout the land, as bearers of light and contagious enthusiasm — for this the Catholic university was founded. Quality and power of life, not numbers, is the aim — "holding himself to be a fortunate and a great king, not because he ruled over many, but over the best." That she may show her faith in this high enterprise and become a sharer in the spiritual good which here diffuses itself, Notre Dame opens this college to-day.

She comes, bringing with her the strong heart, the tireless energy, the dauntless spirit of the West. She comes not unknown or unattended, but bearing with her a noble name honorably won by long and faithful services to the cause of education; she comes, proclaiming by the enduring monument which she has here built, that when there is question of uplifting a higher standard of religious, moral, and intellectual life in America it is possible to put away all lesser considerations, to forget differences of

place and race, to rise into spheres where petty rancors and jealousies disappear as noxious vapors melt away when the sun from the mountain tops looks forth on God's glorious world. She comes to declare that here we shall have not only a Catholic university, but a school of schools, a mother of universities, a centre around which our teaching orders shall gather to drink wisdom and to learn to know and love one another in the serene air of delightful studies, to breathe which is to grow tolerant, fair, reasonable, and mild.

Not all at once may this come to pass. As an original writer has to create the taste by which he is appreciated, so a true university must diffuse the light whereby its high and holy uses are revealed. Already much has been accomplished. In our teaching Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods a new spirit has manifested itself, — fresh eagerness to learn, a more self-sacrificing zeal, a more joyful confidence in the absolute rightness of the cause to which they have given their lives. The heads of our colleges have come together and agreed to meet annually for the purpose of interchanging views and of reaching conclusions for the advancement of our schools. They are no longer content to accept mechanically the traditional pedagogical theories and methods; but they will have

the light of the mind play on them, and will adopt those which reason and experience most approve.

Here, too, under the shadow of the University, Trinity College is even now rising, a monumental witness to our faith in the right of woman to upbuild her being to its full stature, to learn whatever may be known, to do whatever right thing she may find herself able to do. Those who stand with averted faces, looking ever backward to Europe do not impress us. What sacredness is there in Europe more than in America? Is not the history of Europe largely a history of wars, tyrannies, oppressions, massacres and persecutions? Has not its lust for gold made it a scourge to all the inferior races of the earth? Have not its people long stood face to face, arms in hand, ready to butcher one another? Why should Europe be an object of awe or admiration for Catholics? Half its population has revolted from the church, and in the so-called Catholic nations, which are largely governed by atheists, what vital manifestation of religious life and power can we behold?

In any case we are in America, not in Europe; and to stand in the midst of this vast, advancing world, with averted faces, looking backward, is to sink out of sight and be forever lost as a living force. What country ever had fortune like

ours? Where else has there ever been such opportunity for all? Where else has the Catholic church ever had a wider or a freer field? Does not our Lord say, speaking to His apostles, "They who are not against you are for you?" Now, the vast multitude of those outside the church here, are not against us, and are therefore for us. If we fail, the fault is in ourselves, in our timidity, in our indolence, in our lack of faith. What is there to make us afraid or despondent?

All the sciences prove and glorify God. All progress serves the cause of true religion. In immovable confidence in this principle, taking new courage from the happy omen of this day, let us bless the eternal Father that we are here to work for the church and for America, by doing what men can do to create a University which shall irradiate light and love, be a centre of union and peace and a nursery of the higher life.

IV

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE TEACHER[1]

The chief concern of every man is not, as it should be, the formation of his character. The most wish merely to find a recipe for comfort or a way to acquire riches and whatever else they aim at. GOETHE.

WHETHER the rule of the people shall approve itself as a wise, beneficent, strong, and enduring government will depend largely on its attitude toward religion and education, the fountain-heads and safeguards of right human life. When power is placed in the hands of the multitude, and opportunity is offered to all alike, whatever makes for utility, for comfort and ease, for physical health and well-being, will be held in high esteem, will be cultivated and promoted; for the need of all this is felt by all, and where there is freedom, all will labor to provide it. Consider for a moment this great metropolis, where but yesterday the wild-fowl screamed among their fellows. Its growth and wealth are the marvel of a century of wonders. Not in

[1] Address delivered at the Convocation of the University of Chicago, October 2, 1899.

London or Paris or other centres of the Old World shall we find more stately structures or more commercial and industrial activity. In the presence of this vast achievement of human energy, the most thorough idealist cannot but stand in awe; for such power, such energy, such efficacy of will, on whatever objects it may be exerted, is awful. Here, assuredly, it has been exerted almost wholly on what is material, on what is simply useful. Look on these lofty buildings; observe the eager throngs hurrying through these busy thoroughfares, and ask yourselves what it all means. Why have these edifices been erected? Why are these streets filled with people who hasten on as though pursued by Death? One thought, one purpose, dominates the whole. This city, with its population of two millions, has been created for commercial and industrial ends. It exists to provide the useful, — to feed, clothe, house, warm, and carry men, — and it does this work with such enterprise and skill, with such unremitting toil, that it is not possible to withhold admiration. All honest work is sacred, and they who labor with the hands, not less than they whose mightier instrument is the brain, are, if they are filled with the right spirit, God's workmen; and since it has not yet been found possible to teach the multitude to make efficacious use of their nobler en-

dowments, manual labor is their salvation, and therefore the safeguard and basis of civilization.

But there are higher things than those which are merely useful, and consequently there are men whose function is of vastly more importance than that of the toilers who provide us with food and drink and clothing. These are indispensable; all must have them, and the whole world takes care that they shall not lack; but genuine human life emerges, not when we eat and drink, for this we do as mere animals. We first become men and women when we think and love, when we hope and believe, when we listen to the voice of Duty, however hard its command; when we rise through aspiration and imagination to those inconceivable heights where time and space are no more and the soul is alone with God. In that world, which is the proper human world and man's true home, it is not easy to dwell. It is within us, it is likest unto what we really are; but to become conscious of it and to feel the need of the blessings it holds, man must ascend from his primitive to his ideal nature; and the effort to do this with method and system is education, which is a conscious striving to fulfil in one's self the ideal of the perfect, and, as a means to this end, to transform both one's self and one's whole environment. The aim is to make one's self the best it is pos-

sible for a man to become, and the world he lives in the most suitable to the development and play of the higher faculties. Even the savage succeeds in getting what is simply useful — food and drink and, when it is necessary, some sort of clothing; but there must be at least a beginning of civilization if man is to undertake the task of raising himself from his primitive to his ideal nature — endless task, not to be accomplished by any one individual or people. It is the work God imposes on the whole race for all time; and the highest individuals and races are those that contribute most to this Divine consummation.

In this metropolis, created by the very spirit of the wide-spreading and teeming Mississippi Valley to be a purveyor and provider of whatever ministers to man's material needs and comforts, to the wants of his primitive nature, it is altogether right and desirable that a centre of intellectual light and moral influence should have been established, where great teachers may dwell and work, men whose thoughts and aspirations and lives are suffused with a glow caught from higher worlds. A university, I think, is not so much a place where all that is known is taught, as a place where noble and luminous minds create an atmosphere which it is impossible to breathe and not feel the quickening of new and

larger hopes and aims — minds that are less concerned to impart information about anything whatever than to solicit, call forth, sustain, strengthen, and bring into act the powers which lie latent in the human soul, striving themselves day by day to become wiser and more loving, that with each access of new life they may thrill, inspire, and impel others to generous and persevering self-activity. It is only in a university that such minds can be brought together, and they, be they few or be they many, are the life and essence of university teaching, for they create an intellectual and moral climate in which one cannot live without imbibing the spirit of self-culture. The important consideration for those who have the will to become all that is possible for them to be, is not what they shall study, but where they shall find a genuine vital man who teaches anything, — who, while he teaches, still continues to learn and upbuild his own being.

The teacher, then, must first of all be a real man. Scholarship is secondary. The only wholesome influence which man can have on man is exerted by his personality. It is admitted that where observation is possible we may not rest content with explanation. Let the pupil be brought face to face with the thing itself, that he may exercise his powers on this,

and not on words about the thing. This is the method of all right teaching, which is never merely talk about science, or philosophy, or literature, but is above all exemplification, concrete presentation of the subject; and, since the highest we know on earth becomes concrete only in man, the first thing to be asked for, when there is question of a school of whatever kind, is a genuine, noble, wise, and loving personality. This is the presupposition in all theories and problems of education. Like begets like, and to hope to illumine, exalt, and purify, when we ourselves are dark, low and unclean, is to hope for a reversal of the laws of nature. He who would develop in the young a sense of religion and duty, of honor and freedom, must himself be all alive with these elemental powers.

There is doubtless a science and an art of education, and consequently there are principles and methods of which the teacher must make use if he is to do good work. Is it not plain that history or literature or geography or mathematics may be rightly or wrongly taught? Is it not necessary that the methods of teaching be adapted to the subject as well as to the mental condition of the pupil? Now this is pedagogy —it is little more than good sense applied to the purposes of education. The object is to control individual experience by general expe-

rience. It is certainly most important that the teacher should live and act in the light which the history of education throws on his work. Nevertheless it is a fundamental error to suppose that the principles, rules and methods of pedagogy are the chief requirement in education. Neither a fund of accurate and pertinent information nor the most approved methods can supply the essential and indispensable pedagogical requisite — the awakened mind, the loving heart, the quick and comprehensive view, to which, as to the eye of a skilful general or physician, the exigencies of each moment and situation are revealed. The true teacher is at once a leader, an inspirer, and a healer. He is neither a slave of methods, nor a victim of whims and hobbies. He knows that rules are but means, and he does not enforce them as though they were ends. He is not a machine, but a living soul, obedient to the light of a cultivated intelligence and to the impulses of a generous heart. His task is as difficult as it is important, as full of trials and hardships for himself as it is of blessings for those whom he influences. Let him then be free, let him be trusted, let him be cheered in his work. To make him the slave of minute observances, the victim of a system of bureaucratic regulations, is to render it impossible that he should find joy and delight in his work, is to

superinduce in him a servile disposition, is to degrade him to the level of a machine, is to make him unfit to mould and inspire freemen. If he is to train his pupils to a wise self-confidence, without which nothing great is ever achieved, he must not be made to feel that he himself is unworthy of confidence.

Montaigne holds that the teacher needs a well-made rather than a well-filled head, which is his way of saying that learning is of less importance to the educator than an open and sincere mind, capable of judging with fairness and of reasoning with accuracy. Thus a father or a mother, simple and unlettered, but endowed with good sense and with the love of truth and justice, has a more profound and lasting educational influence on the child than any that may be exerted by the doctors of the universities. Nothing has such power to draw forth human strength and goodness as love. The teacher's first business is to win the heart and through the heart the will of his pupils; and to this end a generous faith in them is the most effective means. By trusting them he shows them how to trust themselves; by believing in them he leads them to believe in themselves, thus awakening in them a desire to realize the high things of which they see they are held to be capable.

Nothing destroys the confidence of the young so quickly or so thoroughly as to know that their teachers are insincere or unjust. Better rule by brute force than by deceitful devices. If there be anything false in them, it cannot be hidden from the quick glance of youthful eyes. "A man passes for that he is worth," says Emerson. "What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him; but they do not trust him." The weak and the ignorant are the quickest to threaten and punish, and it is only where teachers lack moral and intellectual power that they resort to harsh measures. The bitterness they feel makes their own and their pupils' lives bitter. How pleasant it is to hear Montaigne tell that his father did not permit him to be wakened except by the sound of some musical instrument. So possibly does God awaken us from life.

Whatever others may hold, let the teacher be persuaded that the faults of the young are due to weakness and ignorance rather than to malice; and if he find a few who have inherited or acquired a vicious disposition, let him not imagine that they can be corrected and improved by anything but patience and loving kindness, assisted

possibly by medicine and hygiene. The master must first be master of himself. He must be sympathetic and lowly-minded; must often efface himself and suffer his presence to be felt only as a guidance and encouragement to the awakening minds of his pupils. And how shall this be made possible for him, if his heart is not filled with the love of God and of human perfection? Behold the mother hen moving among her little brood, who, when she has found something of worth, lovingly calls their attention to it, and passes on, leaving them to decide whether they shall take or neglect it.

If the teacher show his pupils how far he excels them in mental power and culture he discourages them; for the more susceptible of education they are the greater is their modesty and self-diffidence. Let him be as one of his little ones — a learner and striver. Such have been and are the mightiest and noblest souls. Only a free spirit can educate to freedom; only a reverent and devout mind can inspire faith in God. The love of liberty springs from the love of truth — truth makes free. Indeed, it is only in the world of truth, speculative and practical, that man feels himself free, at home in a realm above that of physical law and determination. Healthful work is the mother of brave and joyful hearts; where learners are dispirited and heavy-hearted,

they are not doing the right work, or they are not doing it in the right way. When young souls are bursting into bud and bloom, their world should be as bright as the blue skies of spring, overhanging flowering orchards, where the birds sing and the bees hum and the sparkling waters leap to see and hear. Throughout life they should be able to associate the memory of this fair time of spiritual growth with all that is pure, fragrant, and inspiring; for, should the experience of those early years make it impossible to believe in the surpassing worth of culture, they inevitably become the victims of arrested development, and lead a stunted existence. In a family in which the spirit of cheerfulness reigns there is peace and happiness; each one finds his task and performs it gladly. The school is a larger family. If the masters are harsh and morose, the pupils discouraged, the school is bad.

The effectiveness of school methods depends upon the character of the teacher. If he lack intelligence and individuality, they become mechanical devices in which the pupils can take but a mechanical interest. Rules and laws are of little use to those who have not been brought up to desire and love the guidance of law. He who is grounded in faith in the principle of law will become a good man, a good Christian, a

good citizen; and nothing else will make him so. Faith in the principle of law is faith in God. If we form true men, the rest will form and reform itself. Schools where many things are taught, but where will, courage, seriousness, love of truth, great-mindedness, and respect and reverence for all that is high and holy are not cultivated, are institutions of perversion rather than of education. Let the teacher leave nothing undone to make brave, honest, chaste, unenvious men and women, even though they fail in scholarship. If conscience is not sovereign, it is nothing. "Moral education," says Kant, "should begin, not with reformation of conduct, but with renovation of thought and formation of character." Whatever may help to make a man is the teacher's business. In him indifference is imbecility; it is impotence. The gift of eloquence is of inestimable value to him, but he should not, like the orator, seek to captivate and carry away his hearers; he should inspire, illumine, and prepare them for independence of thought, for freedom of view.

They are the best teachers who make study most attractive. This is the best genius does for its possessor; for what is it but an inner impulse which urges him joyfully to the pursuit of truth, goodness, and beauty? Nothing fatigues like dullness: from the weariness it

begets there is no escape. The teacher's character is the best reproof. The mother does not occupy herself with projects for carrying her child; she is busy teaching it to walk alone. This is the aim and end of all right education. Suggestion is a large part of the teacher's business; hence there should be a magnetic something in him — the power to interest, to charm, to inspire, to impel, while he enlightens and guides.

Courage is contagious. Brave thoughts, brave words, brave deeds — courage in his whole attitude toward life and death, toward God and man — this makes the teacher an educator, constitutes him a former and creator of men; for the heroic mood leads to contact with divine things and has vital power. Refuse to entertain thy troubles and sorrows, and they will leave thee. A great mind can console and heal as well as time. Our attitude toward circumstances determines what effect they shall have on us. A generous and active spirit turns to divine uses the things which weaken and corrupt the timid and indolent.

To do for the pupil what he should be inspired and impelled to do for himself does not help, but hinders his progress. Teach him to teach himself by looking, listening, observing, and reacting on the impressions he receives

The imparting of information is but a small part of the teacher's business; his chief concern should be to develop faculty, to form character, and to point out the means whereby knowledge may be acquired, and, if need be, communicated.

In the presence of the infinite possible, nay, of the vast accomplishment of nature and of mankind, the work of the individual, though he be the greatest, is insignificant. Let not this discourage thee. Thou wast born to do but a man's work. Do thy best — it will make thee worthy. Each one's character is largely determined by heredity, environment, and the education he has received. None the less is it each one's duty to shape and build his own being into evergrowing harmony with what is eternally true and right.

Only the gentle and loving know how to guide souls, for they are patient and compassionate. They alone can stoop to all infirmities without losing their trust in God or their faith in man. The teacher accomplishes more by making strong impressions than by constructing lucid arguments. If the heart is moved, if the conscience is awakened, the reasons for right doing become manifest. Hence the great moralists have been impelled to utter themselves in vigorous and sententious thoughts, in maxims which penetrate the mind and remain as an incentive or a reproach. "Do not withhold

him from doing good who is able; if thou art able, do good thyself also." "The wise shall possess glory. The promotion of fools is disgrace." "Get wisdom, and with all thy possession purchase prudence." "Take hold on instruction, leave it not. Keep it because it is thy life." "Choose knowledge rather than gold, for wisdom is better than all the most precious things, and whatever may be desired cannot be compared with it." "The words of the wise are as goads and as nails deeply fastened in;" and unless for us they are as goads and as nails deeply fastened in, they profit us in no way.

All things belong to thee, if thou but love them, and what thou possessest will give thee pure delight, if thou hold and use it for the benefit of others. That life is the best which issues in the highest knowledge and the purest virtue; all else is frivolous. When our moral convictions are profound and living, we easily communicate them to those about us; but if the essential goodness is lacking in ourselves, the words we utter, however fine, will not bear to others the seed of divine life. Make thyself free within, for turn outward whithersoever thou wilt, thou shalt find that confining walls proclaim thee prisoner.

Educableness is man's true characteristic; and

the teacher who loves his calling and understands his business will give his chief thought and labor to education, whether it be his own, or that of a few, or of the whole race. "Where is the learned? Where is he that pondereth the words of the law? Where is the teacher of little ones?" In the right spirit, which is the important thing, whatever we do, there is either knowledge or a genuine yearning and striving for knowledge; but the teacher's knowledge, whether of method or psychology, or of whatever other pedagogical art or science, is little worth to him as an educator, unless he have the right spirit; for it is this that creates devotedness, gives insight, arouses interest and stimulates self-activity.

As a wise man thinks little of his success and much of his failures, that he may learn to make them good, so when teachers shall have become educators, less attention will be paid to the bright pupils, and vastly more to the weak and the slow. A school is more safely judged by those it fails to improve than by those it helps. What more worthy end can the teacher propose to himself than to accustom his pupils to find pleasure in the practice of virtue, and to turn with disgust from what is base or wrong? If they be led to dwell habitually with high and true thoughts, these will become part of their

being, give warmth and glow to their feelings, and impel the will along the paths where their light falls. We are transformed by what we meditate, not less than by what we do.

The word which God spoke in the beginning is the word which He forever utters — Let there be light; let knowledge grow, let wisdom increase, let love prevail. The light of the mind makes the world harmonious and beautiful. The noblest people is not the richest or the strongest, but the people whose soul is filled with the highest thoughts and the divinest aspirations. Take from any country a hundred of its greatest men in religion, philosophy, poetry, science, and art, and the life of all falls to a lower plane. Let the teacher then strive day by day to lift his pupils to the world where these hundred best have made their home. The only serious instruction is that which cultivates reason and conscience. The words which the teacher utters, however true or wise, have less influence on his hearers than his character. The man, not the speech, is eloquent. A hero, like a beautiful woman, persuades by simply appearing. It is the spirit that is divine, and words have irresistible force only when they spring from the hearts of God-like men. Those who create new and beautiful ideals which give a new and holier sense of the worth and goodness of life

are our greatest benefactors. How blessed it is for a country to have good soldiers, good thinkers, good priests, good artists, good workers in every sphere! The supreme need is of good men, for only they upbuild the kingdom of earth and heaven. It is hard to love the multitude for what they are; the wise love in them the ideal of a higher life which they strive to realize here, believing and hoping that they thereby co-operate with the Eternal for ends which are absolute.

Sadden not the hearts of the young. Their worth as men and women will be in proportion to the joys of their childhood. Forbid as little as possible, but help thy pupils to do gladly wholesome and profitable work. Only those know how to teach who know how to rouse, to encourage, to incite. This is everything; for those who go bravely to work with joyful hearts will learn whatever is needful. The power to awaken ideas, — so to use words that, like an enchanter's wand, they make what they symbolize rise into view, as though it stood before the eye, is a gift of genius; but it is also a talent which may be cultivated, and there is none which gives to the teacher's work more life and charm. It is important to make things plain, to throw about them the revealing light of the mind, but those who set the world aglow

with the warmth and magnetism of an ardent and passionate soul are the true inspirers and teachers. We little suspect what power of devotion and heroism there is in the simple people by whom we are daily surrounded, and who often appear to us altogether commonplace. Let but the proper occasion arise, and we shall behold their souls transfigured by the light of higher worlds and clothed with almost superhuman strength. Thus there is in the humblest man or woman a divine something before which the greatest may bow with reverence. Let then the teacher learn to recognize the God there is in every child's soul, and let him strive religiously to unwind the bonds which hold him prisoner.

"He who undertakes to form a man," says Rousseau, "must first have developed true manhood in himself." Again: "The pedant and the teacher say much the same things; but the former says them in and out of season; the teacher only when he is sure they will produce their proper effect." What we are capable of knowing depends on the power and quality of our minds. Deep truth grows shallow in the shallow brain. Hence the genuine teacher gives little time to cramming his pupils with information for which they are not prepared, but he devotes himself to their whole being, which he exercises in every

way that they may gain strength and freedom, that they may become self-active and address themselves gladly and perseveringly to the pursuit of truth and perfection.

He must know how to govern; for what is education but the art of governing? But how shall he learn to govern unless he forget and deny himself that he may think solely of the good of his pupils? Is not this the secret of the mother's power, who, if she know how to love, is the world's first and highest teacher?

Passion of some kind lies at the root of human activity, physical, intellectual, and moral. Study springs from a desire to enjoy, and those who cannot be made to feel that to know is itself joy, lack the inner impulse without which lasting mental effort is not possible. The inferiority of the multitude is due to their spiritual indolence. Their routine work performed, they sink at the end of each day into somnolence and lethargy; and this is true whether they read or talk or are silent, for in all cases they are passive. Their attention is not really aroused, and their minds are not really at work. In their social gatherings and amusements they are distracted, and in their intercourse with one another there is no spark of genuine intellectual and moral activity. Hence in the domestic circle the young receive no incitement to high

and worthy effort, and they carry with them into the school the careless and indifferent habits which they have acquired from their parents. So long as this remains true, so long will the multitude, in spite of schools and teachers, remain inferior.

"In my dealing with my child," says Emerson, "my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money, stead me nothing; but as much soul as I have avails." The highest wisdom is that which teaches us how to strengthen the will and to turn it resolutely to the love and practice of virtue, without which life is worthless. Hence it is unwise, not to say immoral, to commend virtue on the ground of policy; for virtue may not be policy, and to love it for anything else than its own rightness is to sin against its very idea; and so, if we would seek truth profitably we must learn to feel that it alone can rightly nourish our intellectual and moral life.

If we wish to distinguish between education and culture, we may say that education ends with our life at school, while culture, the self-imposed task of upbuilding our being on every side, then properly begins. Is it not plain, therefore, that the impulse the teacher gives is more important than the knowledge he imparts? In the home, in the sickroom, on the battlefield, the great helper consoler, strengthener, and light-bringer, is a lov-

ing, cheerful, brave and luminous spirit. Where he breathes and acts, suffering and even death lose their terrors; and the strength and wholeness which are born of such a spirit alone make the best work possible. Let the teacher then put far from him all worry, cowardice, pettiness, and spite, as well as whatever else may weaken hope, confidence, and love. "All things are hard. Man cannot explain them by word." In the end, as in the beginning, true wisdom lies in reverent faith and devout striving.

Without an ideal of some kind life has no significance. Above every doorway that leads to action is written — Why? Over the lintel of the house of pain and sorrow we read — Wherefore? Why should a man do and dare? Wherefore must he suffer and bear? For the right? But right supposes the eternally righteous One. For truth? But there is no truth, if at the core of being there is only emptiness. God is the ideal, or there is none. Turn resolutely then from whatever may weaken thy trust in God and in thyself, whether it be the love of money or the favor of the high placed or sensual indulgence. Use as best thou canst what force is thine, nor doubt that aught which is needful to a worthy life shall be lacking to thee. Keep thyself alive, eager for light and warmth, nor be troubled because thou drawest thy nourishment

also from earth's soil; for whatever is an aid to strong, generous, human life is from God. If thy mind is open and sincere, every real view will bring thee joy and strength, though it disturb thee by forcing thy old opinions into a new light. What matter whether truth be profitable? It is to be sought, followed, and loved though it bring calamity and death. Accept the fact, wherever and whatever it be; for not to accept it is to stultify thyself. The passions are good, they are the source of power and energy; but power misused is evil. Let not thy sympathy weaken the inner source of life, and thus rob thee of vital force; for thy first duty is to be strong and self-contained, since so only canst thou be wisely loving and helpful. If thou hast goodwill, if, like God, thou lovest all that He has made, what else dost thou need but knowledge and strength, the power to make thy goodwill prevail?

The universal obstacle to progress is within. The light of heaven shines on all, but it shines in the midst of darkness, as in interstellar space, because only here and there are there minds and hearts which offer a fit medium for its diffusion. The fatal fault is in ourselves, and the awful discouragement comes of the consciousness of what we and all men are. Let thy past be for thee as if it had not been. Forget the

good and the evil thou hast done, and begin to-day as though now for the first time thou heardest God's voice bidding thee win immortal life.

They are not wise or brave who are not able to draw greater profit from insult than from praise.

> "Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go."

The shadows, at least, of great thoughts fall on all, but for the most they are like the shadows cast by the wings of birds that pass for a moment above their heads. For a moment the soul feels the nearness of higher and holier things, and then suddenly finds itself again in the profane world of its everyday life. It dwells habitually on the hard and noisy earth, like the body, instead of rising to its true home in the serene realm where God reveals Himself as ever during light and love. The sensual appetites exist for the preservation of the individual and the race. They are means, not ends; and to seek happiness in their indulgence is to smother the soul in filth and blood — it is apostasy from truth, from God. Our thoughts go forth to external things, or if we think of ourselves it is only in so far as we are affected

by what is outside ourselves. Our desire is for such things; in them our hope is placed. Shall we never learn to live with ourselves, that we may become alive in God? Thus alone is it possible for us to live truly, and to be no longer mere centres where a vain and transitory world mirrors itself. To live truly is to be good; and he who is good does good. In striving to improve thyself thou laborest for the good of others, and in helping others thy own life is made richer and purer. If we are to be teachers of men, we must be soul-inspirers; we must work in the spirit of prophets, priests, and poets. Mechanical drill is the mill wherein the corn is ground; but once it is ground, it will never take root and grow.

Religion brings into accord our intellectual, moral, and emotional natures; it appeals to the imagination as nothing else can. It is the inexhaustible fountain of hope, courage and patience; it is the chief consoler in the midst of the troubles and sorrows of life; it is the eternal light which shines on the grave and lifts our thoughts to enduring worlds. It gives an immovable basis to the ideas of right and duty; it justifies faith in the superiority of mind to matter, and of pure and generous conduct to gross indulgence. It is the bond which holds men together in the family and the state;

it is the source of the ardor and enthusiasm which suffuses morality with fervor and gives it contagiousness; it is the consecration of our holiest yearnings and highest aspirations; it is the force which enables us to transcend the sway of the fatal laws of a mechanical universe, and to rise to the pure sphere where God, the Infinite Spirit, lives and loves and is free. How shall the teacher be a builder of character, a former of men, if he be not illumined, strengthened, and consecrated by divine faith? How shall he communicate the thrill of awe, if he feel it not himself? How shall he teach reverence, which alone saves from shallowness and vulgarity, if his own spirit is profane? Culture, like religion, is propagated from soul to soul, not developed.

The ideal of culture is expansion and elevation of mind; that of religion, purity and lovingness of heart. To attain the wholeness and perfection of which human nature is susceptible we must think and strive in the light of both these ideals. The open, flexible, and exalted mind must be nourished and steadied by the religious and moral sentiments which are the sustenance of our being. If the teacher himself has not made the everlasting affirmation, if his life is not enrooted in a noble faith and sustained by unalterable convictions, what vital

thing can he say to his pupils? What that it is worth while to say? Those whose religion is a code of rules and a system of practices, but who are not gentle, loving, and enlightened, are repellent forces. They have no power to educate. The greatest grow the longest time, and those whom nothing can arrest in their onward march to the fountain-head of truth and love are divine men and women. That which, like a mathematical demonstration, is wholly evident, leaves us indifferent; it is the infinite unknown that fills us with boundless yearning and draws us ever on and upward. Our aims and ideals are revealed by the objects and ends which we seriously strive to attain, — by what, day by day, we labor for with heart and soul, unafraid and undiscouraged.

If thy life seem to thee a useless burden, still bear it bravely, and thou shalt find at last that, like St. Christopher, thou hast carried a god across the troubled stream of time. Whosoever does what is right in a generous and brave spirit feels that he acts in harmony with eternal laws, and is, in his deep soul, conscious of the divine approval.

"Woe," says Bossuet, "to the sterile knowledge which does not fulfil itself in love." And again: "God is with us when we love." There is a love of the soul for souls. It is the only

love which may be called love; it springs from the Infinite Soul and makes us feel that there alone is our true and eternal home. Become conscious of thy soul, bend thy ear to its whisperings, and thou shalt hear the voice of God. In the depths, in the depths — here alone is life. And the noise of the world, the desire to be known, the thirst for pleasure and gold, and whatever things draw the soul to the surface, separate it from the source of its being and joy, whose waters are clear and deep, where silence reigns, where the calm eternal face of God is mirrored.

An external authority may enlighten and guide us, but it cannot give us the power of knowing and loving. "Let not Moses, nor any one of the prophets, speak to me," says A'Kempis, "but speak Thou to me, O Lord, Thou from whom proceed the inspiration and the illumination of all the prophets." Think nobly of thy life, for thy habitual thought tends to become thy very self. Renew day by day the will to live, to live in all that is true and good and fair, to live within the mind and heart where glow the light and the love which are eternal. We blunder fatally in our schools in laying stress almost exclusively on what the pupils know. The young can know little, and nothing truly; but it is possible to inspire them with reverence

for what is worthy and with faith in what is good; and this, which is almost the whole duty of the teacher, we neglect, while we apply ourselves to bring out in them a mental quickness which leaves untouched the fountain whence human life springs and by which it is nourished. Man is infinitely more than a shrewd animal, and the teacher who fails to recognize this does little else than harm. The instrument of knowledge itself, of the knowledge at least which is wisdom, is not so much the intellect as the whole man, to whom we must address ourselves if we would make a man. Not the truth we hold, but the truth by which we are held, nourishes and shapes our lives. Keep open the way which leads from the seen to the unseen, for it is only by moving therein that thou shalt find strength and joy. We live in the centre of divine worlds; and how slight a thing will reveal the godlike virtue which lies asleep in the humblest heart! Not to the most wretched being alive is it lawful to speak a harsh or disheartening word. Though all else in his life be hideous and full of despair, yet shall the teacher bring to him the atmosphere of beauty, courage, and love. How much of our strength is derived from the opinions we have formed of the moral purity and goodness of the persons with whom we have lived, whom we have known and loved! Were

it no longer possible to believe in their truth and worth, the foundations of our spiritual being would be shaken.

Suffer not, O teachers, that the all-believing, all-hoping souls of children find that the ideals they have worshipped are but idols. The good scatter blessings. In their company all divine things seem possible, even as cowards lose their fear when a hero leads them. If we could live habitually as live those who truly love, what joy and wealth should be ours! How easy it would be for us to become poets, heroes, saints! A thought one lives by, however simple, a desire which fills the heart, however humble, is enough to make life rich and fair. We make our proper world according as we believe, hope, desire, and love. A loving soul illumines and warms the house better than a blazing hearth and a lighted lamp. It is not difficult to know what is good; but it is difficult to cherish this knowledge and to live with it until it becomes love and the very substance of our being. "There is," says Ruskin, "no fault nor folly of my life which does not rise up against me and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of light, of understanding." Yet though thy sins be as scarlet, believe that God's love can make thee white and pure. If with all thy heart thou seek the best things, failure is not possible.

Strive then bravely to be true, gentle, chaste, loving, strong, and magnanimous, and thy life shall become sweet and noble. The light and peace of heaven shall enter thy soul, for thou shalt feel that God Himself upholds and bears thee on. Those who cherish right ideals are better than their characters, for they are ceaselessly rising out of themselves toward higher worlds.

How good is silence! It soothes and refreshes like sleep. It keeps us at home with ourselves, wraps us like a blanket, cherishes the vital warmth, provides leisure, and shuts out the discords and contentions which are never wanting where words abound. Learn, O teachers, ye who are immolated to talk, how precious are the hours of solitude in which you may be alone with God and your own thoughts.

There are no opportunities for those who have no life-purpose. Let thy purpose be the making thyself a man, and whatever happens thee, the good and the evil, will forward thee in thy work. There is no time but now, and in this now lies the promise and the secret of immortal life. There is no good but goodwill; it is the root of selfhood, the free and divine godward and manward impulse of the soul. Will to be and do right, and thou art right. Make then the education of thy will the prayer and purpose

of thy life. The foundation of thy being is moral. Knowledge must fulfil itself in deed, or it is vain.

To conclude, a university is not so much a place where all the faculties are represented, where all knowledge is imparted, where original research is prosecuted, where men are prepared for the various professions which minister to human needs, as a place where great minds and generous hearts and noble souls are gathered to bring their wisdom, their love, and their faith to bear upon the young, to develop and raise their whole being toward the ideal of right life, of perfect manhood. The whole question of educational reform and progress is simply a question of employing good and removing incompetent teachers. And those who have experience best know how extremely difficult this is. In a university, at least, it should be possible; for a university is a home of great teachers, or it is not a university at all. Costly structures, rich endowments, well-filled libraries, thoroughly equipped laboratories, many students, are but symbols of those delightful and luxuriant climates where all save the spirit of man is divine, if great teachers are lacking. The chief value of a university lies in its power to attract and hold such men, by giving them the fairest opportunity for the exercise of their

high gifts. The hero of a brilliant naval exploit, but just returned to his country, fills the whole land with the noise of acclaiming voices. It is a tribute of the popular heart to the worth of courage, skill, and daring. It is a privilege to be able to feel the thrill of genuine admiration in the presence of any high human quality; but the noblest hero is he whose achievements are wholly beneficent, who triumphs and scatters blessings without bringing sorrow or death to any child of man. Such a hero is a great teacher, who lives from generation to generation in minds made luminous, in hearts made pure, in wills confirmed in the love and practice of truth.

V

GOETHE AS EDUCATOR

By whomsoever Truth is spoken, it is spoken by the aid of Him who is Truth itself.

St. Augustine.

TO be able to understand and appreciate the best that has been said and done is the fairest fruit of culture. From the most what is best is hidden. They never come to a knowledge of the wealth of power and beauty that lies within and around them, but move on the surface of things, unconscious of the infinite depths of being, of which what appears is but the symbol. They are only partly alive, and, what is worse, they scarcely have a suspicion of their lack of life. They imagine that what they want is money or pleasure or position, whereas it is a mind aglow with truth, a heart smitten with love, a soul enkindled with enthusiasm for what is good and noble.

When one has the power to awaken the consciousness of the higher needs of humanity and thereby to inspire a longing for the best, he has

genius. He bears within himself an awful sense of the divine meaning and worth of life. The boundless mystery presses on him always and from every side. He is haunted by the presence of unseen worlds, he gazes into the abyss of being, his thoughts wander through eternity, he asks questions of his soul, and hears, in far-off whisperings, replies, in which new sources of life and light are revealed. Inspired himself, he becomes an inspiration to others. He is therefore an educator, and his chief worth lies in his power to rouse, to illumine, to uplift. The truth he utters we cannot but hear; the beauty he unveils we cannot but see. His words and deeds become rules and laws for our guidance, incentives to urge us to accomplish something ourselves also which may be worthy of attention and remembrance.

Whoever earnestly desires to cultivate himself, studies assiduously the lives and works of those who have excelled in the things in which he too would excel. The companionship of the truly great is enlightenment and strength; from their biographies there escapes the fine essence of high thinking and generous striving; and their words, though affixed to matter and fast bound, move and thrill us like the presence of those we love. However and wherever we meet them, in life or in death, they awaken in us a consciousness of

immortal things. They are, indeed, not faultless. On the contrary their sins and follies are sometimes glaring. Not for this, but in spite of it, we love them, and strive to assimilate as best we may whatever of strength or truth or beauty may shine forth in their lives and works.

It is not necessary that we approve of all they have done or agree with all they have said. Can we approve of all that we ourselves have done and said? Is it the less our duty to strive to know ourselves, little worth any one's knowing though we be? Have not Christians in all ages learned wisdom and the art of expression from the pagan writers of Greece and Rome? Or shall we refuse to read the Psalms and the Book of Proverbs because David and Solomon were sinners? One must, it is plain, either turn away from literature altogether, or be content to take it for what it is — the expression in writing of man's life, which is a mixture of truth and error, of good and evil. He must resign himself to remain ignorant of the best that is known, or he must seek it where it lies in the midst of much that is trivial or false. As the path which ends in a virtuous and noble character winds through all manner of trials and temptations, so he who would have a cultivated mind must read much and many authors, and learn to take and make his own only a very small part

of what he reads, even as the body assimilates only the fine essence of the food it receives. What he seeks and needs is not quantity, but the best that is known and thought, for this alone will help him in his growth toward perfection.

Goethe, whom the consent of the enlightened has placed in the narrow circle of the few really great minds of the world, was not an ideal man. He had even grave faults. In his relations with women he was not always either wise or moral. He never wholly outgrew the influence of Spinoza, Voltaire, and Rousseau. He was not a Christian. In the presence of his country's awful humiliations he remained passive and seemingly indifferent, consented even to receive the decoration of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon, in the hour of his triumph over Germany. In fact he dearly loved a king or a duke, however uninteresting or vulgar the man might be. They who would make him a demi-god do not see him as he is; and he is great enough as he is not to need the doubtful help of false praise. Even as a writer he is not without serious defects. It is only in his best lyrics that he is altogether admirable. In his prose he is not unfrequently diffuse, commonplace, tiresome even. As he grew older he became the victim of allegory, symbolism, and didacticism. Few find "Wilhelm Meister" an interesting novel, and still

fewer can read the second part of "Faust" at all. Yet, find fault with him as one may, he is, both as a man and as an author, worthy of the most serious study, for the world has had few men who teach so well the things we all most need to learn. His industry was unwearying, his sympathies were all-embracing, and whatever concerned man interested him. His aim, which he never lost sight of even for a moment, was to upbuild his own being, to raise, as he said, as high as possible the apex of the pyramid whose base and foundation had been given him. His ideal is life in its completeness, life brought into harmony with all that is true, good, and fair. Think of living is his motto — Live in the whole, in God and in all that He has made. Whatever he does, and his occupations are of the most varied kind, he always holds in view his own self-culture. He was Counsellor of a Grand Duke, Minister of Public Instruction, superintendent of the theatre, and of public works, a scientist, an antiquarian, a critic of literature and of art, as well as a poet, a dramatist, and a novelist. He practised drawing, painting, and engraving. He strove to make himself a sculptor. He studied everything, and sought to find in everything he did or learned the means of his own improvement.

In power of imagination he is inferior to

Shakespeare, but he is his superior in culture, in seriousness of purpose, and in the painstaking care with which he followed his vocation, throughout a long life, even to the very end. He was not only acquainted with the best which was known, but he had studied human life in all its phases, had meditated profoundly on all the great problems, had travelled and beheld the masterpieces of art, had observed everything, investigated everything. His thoughts are elevated and profound; his attitude toward the world is uniformly tolerant and kindly; his style is classic. He is full of patience, courage, and cheerfulness. His appreciativeness and interest are active and enlightened. His faith in reason is absolute; his poetic insight and inspiration are deep and genuine; his moral teaching is wholesome and invigorating. If not a Christian, he is still less a denier and scoffer. On the contrary, the spirit in which he thinks and strives is that of modesty, reverence, and self-renunciation, of mildness, sympathy, and helpfulness. He is a builder, not a destroyer; a diffuser of light and sweetness, not a sower of discord and hatred. His coldness is apparent only; his selfishness is that of the man of genius, whose work is imperative, whose task is imposed by a master who must be obeyed.

Even when he seems to be idle, he is busy, laboring unwearyingly in his vocation — which is to forward his own culture and thereby that of his people. If he lacked the fervor and clamor of the conventional patriot, he did more than the best of them to awaken the national consciousness of the Germans and to make their political union possible. What was needed was a new soul, and states of soul cannot be imposed: they must be evolved. It is a work which only religion and culture can do, and, while Goethe is the apostle of culture, he strives in the spirit of religion. What all of us most need and what is born in none of us, he says, is reverence, the thrill of awe, the most godlike thing in man. Hence, while the noise of battle is loud all over Europe, he lives within his own mind, studying how he may lift himself and his people to higher planes of thought and feeling, how he may make the ideal of human perfection attractive. To do this he must work from within, must upbuild his own being, and become what he would have others be, and not put his trust in policy and machinery, in schemes and devices. This is the task he set himself in youth; this is the task at which he labored with an enthusiasm that never grew cold, with a perseverance that never grew weary. His example is as full of inspiration as his teaching.

He aspires to become not a fragment of manhood but a man, and he holds that this completeness is possible for whoever continues to be active in the sphere of his endowments and capacities. Growth comes not by self-contemplation and self-analysis, but by exercise. Hence he throws himself on the objective world; seeks his better self in devotion to his proper work, doing it in a glad and free spirit, with all his might. He believes that intelligence has been given him not that he may pull down, but that he may construct homes and temples wherein men may dwell and worship, may find peace and enlargement of life; for enlargement of life is the aim and end of education, which, if it give not a new sense of inner freedom, of strength and joy, is vain. If we make ourselves wise we shall diffuse wisdom, if we become good we shall do good.

He wearies not in preaching the gospel of free and joyous work. Look not across the oceans or the ages; give not thyself to idle wishing, which leads to impoverishment of soul, but here and now do the thing that lies at thy hand. Opportunity invites thee now or never, here or nowhere. The Promised Land is where thou art and workest. In doing the work thou findest in the best way thou art able, thou doest

the best thou canst, not for thyself alone, but for others also. By becoming and being a man, one makes himself a benefactor. The man is greater than his achievements, the highest of which, even for the noblest, is that with God's help they made themselves men.

It is plain that Goethe is not merely literary, — not chiefly, even, a reader and writer of books. He rather depreciates the worth of books, and says, not without exaggeration, that he can learn nothing at all from them. His work is his teacher; the world is his school; the universe is his university. "To each one of my writings," he declares, "a thousand persons, a thousand things have contributed. The learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, childhood and age, have all a share therein. They all, without suspecting it, have brought me the gifts of their faculties, their thought and experience. Often they have sown, and I have reaped. My works are a combination of elements which have been taken from all nature, and which bear the name — Goethe."

His receptivity is immense. He absorbs and transforms whatever is presented to him. He is the last man in the world to boast of originality. Everything worth thinking, he tells us, has been thought — it is our business to try to rethink it.

"Sir Quidam speaks —'I'm not of any school,
No master lives who over me doth rule:
Of me it also may with truth be said
That I have never learned aught from the dead.'
This means, if I the matter rightly understand,
He is a natural fool and at first hand."

Originality in modern literature is little more than the art of making what is not new appear to be new; or it consists in so thoroughly studying and mastering a subject that one finds in it what others might have looked for in vain. "We are always talking about originality," he says, "but what do we mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. After all, what can we call our own, except our energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and co-temporaries, there would be little left of my own."

It is this modest and teachable spirit, united with a sympathy that is universal and a curiosity that is world-wide, which makes Goethe the many-sided man he is — "the clearest, the largest, the most helpful thinker of modern times," one whose criticism of life is as wide and deep as it is rich and full. He is a sage whose wisdom is derived not only from study, society and travel, but from active participation

in the government of a state and the management of private business. He is practical, and yet not narrow.

Of the poets he is the greatest moralist and the most suggestive thinker. He may be called the creator of the literature of Germany; he is the author of the best educational novel, and of one of the few world-dramas. He gave the impulse which led Scott to write the Waverley novels, and he was the inspirer of Carlyle, who, however, never attained the clearness of vision, the repose, the breadth, the amenity, the kindliness, and sanity of the master. He is less intense than Dante, who was too preoccupied with the hatreds and strifes of his age; he is more conscious of a high purpose than Shakespeare, who hardly seems to have personal views at all, who comes so near saying everything that it is difficult to divine his real thought. Goethe knows what he wants, and he perceives clearly the means by which his aims are to be realized.

For him, the problem each one has to solve is to find his vocation and, by following it with seriousness and perseverance, to educate himself, — to unfold his own being, to make the most of his life, — for so he shall become not only wise and fair, strong and worthy, but serviceable to God and men. Let each one, therefore, learn to know what his work is, what the endowments

with which he is born will, if rightly developed, make him most capable of doing. Not only the usefulness of his life, but his inward harmony and peace of mind as well, depends on the right choice of an occupation. His first duty, then, is not to others, not to the state, or the church, or the family, but to himself. He must begin from within, where lies the fountain-head of noble life. In no other way than by making himself wise and good can he become wise and good for others, whether they be his superiors, his equals, or his inferiors.

The failures we see on every side are due largely to the fact that few think of their vocations as being valuable chiefly as the means of mental and moral improvement. Their occupation is cherished because it leads to the attainment of external ends; or it becomes a matter of routine or of drudgery, so that they begin to live only when their work is done; or being then tired, they sink into somnolence and lethargy. If ever they lead a life which is interesting, beautiful, moral, and poetic, it is on the days when their occupation ceases, whereas the work itself should rouse them to serious thoughts and noble sentiments, should, in other words, be made the means of their self-culture. Not having chosen the right vocation, they find it impossible to bring all their powers into harmonious action

in doing what they have to do. Hence their work is defective, for what is done with a single faculty necessarily lacks completeness, which alone gives the highest worth.

Goethe's religion is a religion of the deed, — of joyous, healthy action. They alone deserve freedom and life who conquer them for themselves day by day. "Him we can redeem," the angels sing in "Faust," "who labors, ceaselessly striving." He has no thought of founding a new religion, none of destroying that which is established. He has no sympathy with the shallow spirit of mockery. He holds aloof from controversy and disputes, wholly intent on his task of self-culture and on uttering his maturing thought with clearness and sincerity, leaving it to produce what effect it may.

"I have taken to myself," he says, "the glorious image of our Sacred Books, as the Lord's image impressed itself upon the Cloth of Cloths, and have refreshed myself in the silence of the breast, in spite of all denial, hindrance, and deprivation, with the enlivening image of faith." Again: "I esteem the gospels to be thoroughly genuine, for there shines forth from them the reflected splendor of sublimity, proceeding from the person of Jesus Christ, of so divine a character as only the divine could ever have manifested upon earth." In his old age he seems

to announce a kind of Neo-Christianism in the doctrine of the Three Reverences. "All religions press men to reconcile themselves to the inevitable; each furnishing its own solution of the problem. The Christian lends a gracious help by means of faith, hope, and love. Out of these springs patience, — the sweet feeling what a precious gift existence is even when, in the place of the denied enjoyment, the most intolerable misery is heaped upon us. By this religion we abide steadfastly, though in a peculiar manner." He believes in immortality. "You ask what are my grounds for this belief: the weightiest is this, that we cannot do without it."

But it is as an educator that we shall have to consider Goethe. No one else possessed of such great and manifold powers has given so much thought to education or devoted himself to the task of self-culture with so much earnestness and perseverance; and none with so much success. "Half a million of my own money," he says, "the fortune I inherited, my salary, and the income derived from my writings for fifty years, have been spent to learn what I know." He has genuine wisdom to impart, and is, for whoever is interested in education, a helpful master. As a poet and thinker of the first order he is, of course, a teacher not of

his own nation alone, but of the world. He is seldom, however, thought of as an authority on pedagogics, probably because he wrote no systematic treatise on the subject, having no fondness for systems of any kind. Do not system-makers run the risk, to say the least, of doing as much harm as good? He turned to life's flowering tree away from all theory, which must ever be painted gray on gray.

His interest in questions of education is of course recognized; it belonged to his age, and was felt by his great co-temporaries, Kant, Fichte, Herder, Schiller, and Richter. The impulse had been given by Rousseau, of whom Kant said that no one had ever written so well, and that probably no one would ever write so well. Rousseau gives us the secret of the irresistible charm of his style when he says that he had never been able to write except from passion. He feels what he says, whether it be true or false, and the feeling makes him eloquent, imparts to his words the magnetic quality which is found in prophets and poets when they are inspired. It is this that made him, though he had neither great wit nor great learning, the mightiest force in the literature of the eighteenth century. Though full of errors, oftener wrong than right, his power to stimulate thought and provoke discussion on the most interesting

and important subjects is unequalled. In the matter of education he is largely wrong, both in theory and practice, and yet he has, more than any other writer, awakened the modern world to the importance of its bearing on human welfare. He was aglow with passion, his words burn, and when a mind like Goethe's caught the flame, the result was of world-wide import; for such a mind, however stirred and impelled, becomes a source whence spring new and original ideas.

Goethe has left us no treatise on education, but he has left us a fund of wise and fruitful educational thoughts, the value of which is far above that of technical and systematic disquisitions on pedagogics, which, rather than political economy, deserves to be called the dismal science. The more thoroughly we become acquainted with him, the more plainly do we perceive the wealth of wisdom which lies in his utterances.

He has meditated his intuitions, visions, observations, and experiences, and he applies his knowledge to life in a style so simple, so free from emphasis, that one easily misses the deep and vital import of what he says. His interest in education is intimately associated with his passion for self-culture, as genuine teaching is one of the best means of self-education. In striving to help others to see rightly, our own

view becomes clearer and more definite; in laboring to stimulate others to worthy thoughts and deeds, we strengthen in ourselves the dispositions from which such thoughts and deeds spring, since it is not possible to devote ourselves earnestly and disinterestedly to the improvement of our fellow-men, unless we are growing in mental and moral power. The educator is at once teacher and pupil, for if he cease to learn himself, he ceases to have the ability to interest, to rouse and hold attention. When his own growth is arrested he arrests the development of his scholars; and thus he, whose business it is to animate and nourish, becomes a hindrance and discouragement.

Rousseau says that we are educated by nature, by men, and by things. The unfolding of our powers and organs is the work of nature; the use we are taught to make of these powers and organs is what we learn from men; and in so far as we gain experience from the objects by which we are impressed, we are educated by things. What Nature does for us she does independently of us; the things by which we are influenced are but partially in our control, and even the action of men upon us cannot be wholly determined by the will, since the words and deeds of those by whom the child is surrounded are not always subject to our command.

These views constitute what may be called Goethe's educational theory in "Wilhelm Meister." The hero is an ordinary kind of person, who is thrown into all sorts of situations, generally trivial, and into contact with individuals of various opinions and purposes, who are for the most part uninteresting. He is educated by the manner in which he reacts on his surroundings, and by the way his deeds react upon himself. It is the story of the growth of a mind and character which will never cease to have value for those who think and feel that to become and be is better than to acquire and possess, — that to be a man is something altogether more and higher than to be a millionaire or a king.

It is his purpose to show how we may at once lead a life of action and of thought; how, through the daily little things we are all compelled to do, we may learn to pour a current of living ideas. This is not easy, for "thought expands, but lames: action animates, but confines." To overcome this oppugnancy, to make thought a stimulus to action and action an incentive to thought, is the secret the self-educator has to learn. Culture must deepen the inner content of his life, and furnish him with new motives and heightened power to labor. A man's deeds are a kind of second

self, and to have value, they must be permeated by his primary self; and if this be starved or ignoble, the deeds can have small worth. Life is the true educator, but it educates only those who are ever open to impressions and constantly occupied with transforming them into knowledge and wisdom. It alone can teach us what we are, since we can learn to know ourselves only by doing, only in struggle and conflict.

Emerson thinks that Goethe can never be dear to men; that he has not even the devotion to pure truth, but to truth for the sake of culture; that he values man not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him. "The idea of absolute, eternal truth," he says, "without reference to my own enlargement by it, is higher." Is not this a mistake? Can we love truth, without referring it to ourselves, without considering it as our proper good, as the nourishment and sustenance of our lives? Does not our ability to discern truth depend upon our subjective condition, upon culture, taken in the best and highest sense? Is it not hidden from us by ignorance and low desire, which it is the aim of culture to overcome? The more we develop and purify our being, the deeper and finer shall our insight become; and if we are to accomplish what has genuine worth, we must begin by making ourselves worthy.

As we possess only what we know, so we know only what is akin to us, what is in harmony with the mind and character which we have upbuilt. In other words we understand and appreciate but what we love; and culture, like religion, has for its object the making us capable of seeing and loving the best. Goethe certainly makes self-education a life-purpose. He bids us seek the true self in a wise and cheerful self-activity, by ceaseless endeavor to grow into harmony with all that is true and fair and good; but he would not have us seek merely our own satisfaction, or rest in ourselves. In both "Wilhelm Meister" and "Faust" he leads his heroes to devote themselves unselfishly to others. To labor for others, however, with good effect we need an enlightened mind not less than a generous heart; for, as he says, it is a fearful thing to see ignorance at work, above all, when there is question of the highest human interests.

We can learn to do well only the things for which our endowments fit us, for it is in working in the line of our proper gifts, that we are urged onward by an inner impulse, a kind of instinct, which keeps us self-active. There is no indefinite talent; and if we hesitate and are uncertain, if we lose heart and cease to strive, it is because we have not chosen the

right vocation, or have not been trained in the right way. Our ambiguous education dissipates our forces; it awakens wishes, when it should animate us in following the bent of the inclinations which we have received from God and Nature. We go astray and wander aimlessly, whereas, had we been guided into the right path, we should have kept in it to the end. The instructor's duty is not so much to guard from error as to lead the erring pupil. "Steep ascents must be approached by winding paths; once upon the summit, straight roads conduct from place to place."

In "Wilhelm Meister" Goethe's ideal is that of harmonious culture, but the ideal to which he finally holds is that of individuality. "Each one of us is an individual and can take interest only in the individual. The general comes without our seeking, imposes itself, maintains itself, propagates itself. We make use of it, but we do not love it." Nature, indeed, cares nothing for the individual, and yet personality seems to be the highest outcome of her workings. Selfhood, therefore, not selfishness, should be the educator's aim. The pupil should be helped to become and be himself, to unfold what really lies in him, and to learn thoroughly what he learns. Thoroughness, that he understand decidedly and perform excellently — this is the

goal toward which he should ceaselessly strive. "To know and practise one thing rightly imparts a higher culture than a half knowledge of a hundred." Let a man be brought to understand what he can make himself capable of doing, and to this let him devote himself with lifelong perseverance, in spite of whatever obstacles; for it is the highest merit to be able to rule circumstances. "Life lies before us as a quarry lies before the architect, who deserves not the name of architect unless out of this fortuitous mass he can combine with the greatest economy, fitness, and durability, some form, the pattern of which originated in his own spirit. All things without us, nay, all things that belong to us, are but elements. Deep within us lies the creative force, which out of these can produce what they were meant to be; and which leaves us neither rest nor sleep, till, in one way or another, within us or on us, it has been produced."

The individual should be free to occupy himself with what attracts him, gives him pleasure, and seems to him useful; but in the end mankind is what most interests man. All else is but an element in which he lives, or an instrument of which he makes use. We are truly alive only when we live with and for others, taking delight in the goodwill of our fellows

and striving to be helpful to them. We must work for them if we would have them share in our happiness, and happiness unshared is not happiness. Joy is born a twin.

VI

GOETHE AS EDUCATOR (*continued*)

GOETHE was not a metaphysician; he probably had little talent for speculative philosophy. He was a sage whose wisdom was as profound as it was various; he was a poet from whose eye nothing was hidden, who was passionately drawn to investigate and understand whatever can interest the human mind. He lived in communion with all things, — with the stars, the clouds, the mountains, the oceans, with the whole world of Nature, animate and inanimate, loving it both as a poet and a man of science; and he knew, as few have ever known, what power such communion has to exalt, strengthen, and purify the soul of man.

His eye is his principal organ, and he said of himself that every kind of reasoning became for him a representation, that when he looked rightly he scarcely needed the assistance of his other senses. Hence he had great faith in the educational value of right looking and seeing, and he believed with Rousseau that children

should be left much with nature, to feel as long as possible the influence of its freshness, patience, and strength. Thus shall they acquire the cheerful and brave spirit which he thinks is the mother of all virtue.

He recognizes indeed the value of suffering, the profound application to life of sorrow worthily borne; but he sees that the most important lessons are taught by joy and delight, the elements in which the soul best thrives. He would have us patient with the young, that each one may drink in his own way from life's exhaustless spring. The process of taming them can result but in making philistines of them. He will have nothing to do with fear, and in the sphere of education finds that love alone is potent for good. Where it does not glow there is no genuine culture, but at the best drill and training. "Love does not rule," he says, "but it educates, and this is more." The only pure and altogether wholesome fountain-head of influence is the mother heart. But while he preferred love to severity, he insisted on a brave and cheerful seriousness; for where this is lacking nothing can be accomplished, since those who are in earnest alone are patient and persevere.

He lays great stress on the importance of nourishing and cultivating a sense for the beautiful, for from this spring the purest joys. Man

so easily contents himself with what is common and vulgar, that too much care cannot be taken to make him alive and sensitive to what is fair and noble. "The useful encourages itself, for the crowd produce it, and none can dispense with it. The beautiful needs encouragement, for few can represent it, and it is required by many." To this end he would have us let no day pass without reading a true poem, contemplating a work of art, listening to good music and uttering at least a few sensible words.

No one ever had a more passionate interest or a more genuine faith in education than Goethe. It is for him the world-transforming power, springing from the deep appeal of man's nature to be permitted to grow ceaselessly into the likeness of the divine Being. The idea is simple, and yet so comprehensive that it includes everything within itself. He loves education because he loves human perfection, because it is the means whereby noble men and women may be formed.

The ideal of the philistine — getting money, living in contentment with one's family, and considering the rest of the world only so far as he may employ them for his own advantage — has no attractiveness for him. He can see no good in boundless acquisition and cheap enjoyment. "What can it avail me to manufacture good iron while my own breast is full of dross? Or to

what purpose were it to understand the art of reducing landed estates to order, when my own thoughts are not in harmony?" What he most fears and dislikes are inner disagreements — "great display and little enjoyment — riches and avarice — nobility and rudeness — youth and pedantry, — want and ceremony." "Woe to every kind of education that destroys the means of obtaining true culture. Imitation is born with us; but what we should imitate is not easily discerned, and seldom valued.

"The summit charms us, not the ascent; with the height before our eyes we love to linger in the plain. He who is only half instructed ever errs and talks much. He who knows it all is content with performing, and speaks little or late. The former has no secrets and no force; his teaching is like bread, pleasant, and sufficient for a day; but flour should not be sown, and seed corn should not be ground. The best cannot be explained by words. The instruction of the genuine artist opens the mind: where words fail, his performance speaks. The true scholar learns to develop from the known the unknown, and little by little makes himself a master."

It is in his aphorisms that we get the spirit and essence of Goethe's thought on life and education. In them he has condensed the wisdom of a great mind, derived from a long and wide ex-

perience, from much reading of the best that has been written, and from intelligent and sympathetic contact with men in every sphere of human activity. Knowledge grows, but wisdom remains much the same in all ages. The good and the wise are wise and good everywhere. Insight into the laws of conduct tends to embody itself in the form of proverb, maxim, and aphorism. In this kind of literature a mass of thought and observation is compacted into a few words, which penetrate the mind, adhere, and refuse to be forgotten. The aphorism may be as earthy as the sayings of "Poor Richard," it may be as pregnant as a thought of Pascal, as homely and practical as the maxims of Bacon. It adorns the pages of all the great writers, whether of prose or of poetry. Shakespeare seems to have recast all the proverbs. "Don Quixote" owes much of its perennial power to please to the wealth of maxim and aphorism with which its pages are filled. It is this wisdom of life which gives to books their power to stimulate and nourish; it is what a reader ought to seek more even than the acquisition of knowledge. It is the substance of what the best minds have thought and said concerning the things which are of most interest to all men. It is the wisdom which comes "home to our business and our bosoms;" it is full of suggestiveness; it

makes us stop and ponder; it crosses the page like a ray of light. We put a mark where it falls; we return to it again and again, discovering new meanings and applications. The proverbs, maxims, aphorisms, and parables with which the Bible is filled contribute in no small degree to the universal and profound interest it inspires.

A genuine maxim-writer is as rare as a genuine poet. Bacon's "Essays" are the only masterpiece of this kind of literature which we have in English. Emerson has many excellent things admirably expressed. It is this that makes him the most stimulating of our American writers, one of the very few authors of any age or country whom it is possible to read and reread with a sense of access of fresh power and insight.

The French excel in this kind of literature. In La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Vauvenargues and Joubert we find genuine thoughts cast in an almost perfect mould. Among the Germans we have no master of the aphorismic style except Goethe, unless possibly Schopenhauer, whose literary skill is great, but whose wisdom is spoiled by his philosophy. The German language probably is less adapted to this kind of composition than either the French or the English, and we consequently find that even Goethe, who thought it not boastful to say

of himself that he had brought the art of writing German near to perfection, is less successful in the form than in the substance of his aphorisms; though he sometimes utters highest wisdom in fittest words. For the lovers of education and culture, at least, he is the best and most helpful of masters.

His wise sayings are scattered through both his prose and poetry. He lies in wait for opportunities to introduce them, and when he does not find them, makes them. He creates characters whose only excuse for existing would seem to be that they may utter the author's thoughts on great subjects. He looks at things from every point of view, and the force of his utterances may be felt only after we have made ourselves familiar with his whole mental attitude. The fashion of this world passes, and he would fain occupy himself only with what is permanent. "There are honest people," he says, "who have got light from my books; and whoever reads them and gives himself the trouble to understand me, will acknowledge that he has acquired from them a certain inner freedom."

Here are some of his thoughts, given literally or interpreted, which have a bearing upon education and the conduct of life: — What man does not understand, he does not possess. Earn

what thou dost inherit, that it may become thy own. Those from whom we always learn we rightly call our masters. Let but a true master appear and he shall enforce attention. The teacher must make himself recognized, for on this rests the effectiveness of his work. He may not deal in half-knowledge. There is nothing more dreadful than a teacher who knows only what his pupils have to learn. However intimately acquainted with his subject, he needs to prepare himself day by day, that he may come to each lesson fresh and alive with new power. Thus shall he mould both himself and his scholars. Teaching does much, but the essential thing is to rouse and encourage. Living knowledge is acquired only in the way of practice. We retain from our studies but that of which we make use. Men are educated only by men, the good by the good. He who wishes to accomplish aught of worth should not rail, should not trouble himself about what is ill done, but do well himself; his aim should be not to pull down, but to build, for in this mankind find pure joy.

We learn to know only what we love, and the deeper we mean to penetrate, the stronger and more vital must our love and passion be. Wean thyself from halfness, and live resolutely in the whole, in all that is true and good and beautiful.

Keep thyself in the van of life, freeing thyself at each step.

A man may do incredible things, if he but know how to divide and use his time. He may become a millionaire of the mind, if he learn to deal with seconds and minutes as the miser with pence and nickels. Consider everything that happens to thee, everything thou hast to do, as an exercise to acquire wisdom, strength, courage, and patience, and thou shalt soon find that everything is interesting and important. Whatever thou have to bear, all is well that ends well; and all ends well that results in greater knowledge and virtue, for these are life's absolute ends. Is not his *Memento vivere* the true motto? Do not those even who most insist upon the thought of death, still meditate life, higher and more enduring life? In learning how to die, they seek the art of right living. There where thou art, do what thou canst; be active and obliging, and let each moment find thee serene. Persevere herein; hold fast to the present; give no thought to what does not concern thee or is out of harmony with thy nature. The greatest genius even is worthless when left to himself. What is genius but power to grasp and use everything with which it is brought into contact, to bring order and life into whatever is presented? It is easier to recognize error than

to discover truth — the one lies on the surface and is obvious; the other rests in the deep into which not every man may descend.

A genuine talent finds its way. Whithersoever a man turn, whatever he undertake, he will come back to the path which Nature has marked out for him. Miserable is whoever is content without work. The fairest of gifts fills him only with disgust. The wisest course is to lay hold on what actually exists within and about thee, and to make it serve thy moral health and education.

The principal thing is, that a man have a soul which loves truth and accepts it wherever it is found. Healthy, well-born children bring much with them into life. To each, Nature has given all he needs, and to develop this is our duty, though it is often best left to itself. But one thing no one brings with him into the world, and it is on this that all depends, if one is to become a man on every side — it is reverence. To impart this is the work of true religion. We are free because we recognize and revere what is above us; for so we prove that we bear the higher within ourselves and are of like nature with it. If beauty and nobleness weave themselves into the fibre of thy being, thou shalt speak, write, and do what is good and fair, without asking thyself wherefore.

What is excellent should neither be criticised nor discussed, but enjoyed and devoutly meditated. He who strives to polish and refine his manners needs to be watchful lest he grow effeminate.

Unpleasant memories have soiled everything. How good it is for a man to die, if only that he may wipe away the stain of his impressions and remerge bathed and clean! Lie not; go not into debt; be not ungrateful. Ingratitude is akin to weakness: I have never found it in able men.

We can make no use of one who knows neither how to command nor how to obey.

Truth is ever something new, and if we chance to meet a man wholly true, it seems as though we had but now first come into the world.

Make thyself of use wherever thou art, and thou shalt find thy country everywhere. This is not a counsel or precept, but the utterance of life itself. Strive to do thy duty, and thou shalt quickly know what there is in thee. What is thy duty? What the present hour requires.

The complete man is found only in collective man; and the individual is never really joyous and happy unless he have the courage to feel himself in the whole race.

He who believes in nothing despairs of himself.

What a book is gives me little concern: what it stirs within me, what it brings me is the principal thing.

Ask not that men come into harmony with thee; it is thy business to grow into harmony with God and His World.

Truth must be reiterated forever, because lies are forever repeated, not so much by individuals as by the multitude.

Not what we leave behind us, but what we have done and felt, and made others do and feel, makes us of importance.

If misfortunes never come singly, but tread one another's heels, good and pleasant things also visit us in companies. Truth and error flow from one source, and hence it may easily happen that, in opposing error, we do hurt to truth. All men of the better kind are made aware, as they become more cultivated, that they have a twofold rôle to play in the world, a real and an ideal one, and in this consciousness the source of all that is noble is to be sought.

There is no form of politeness which does not rest on a basis of morality. Right education should teach at once the form and the principle from which it springs. Genuine politeness is of the heart, it is akin to love, and is the fountain-head of the noblest behavior. The teacher who awakens in his pupils an appreciative feeling for a

single good deed, a single genuine poem, accomplishes more than one who acquaints them with the forms and names of whole series of natural phenomena.

Genuine talents have their source in themselves and maintain themselves free from the tyranny of current opinion. For myself I perceive more and more clearly that each one should do his own work in all seriousness, and accept in a brave and contented spirit whatever may befall.

The mark of heathenism is that it turns men's thoughts wholly to this world and its goods. It is easier to unite a hundred hearts than two heads. That which binds and holds men together is religion and conduct. I dare say that I have never come back emptyhanded when in need and distress I have sought God. How blissful was I that a thousand little happenings taken together proved to me, as certainly as breathing is the sign of life, that I was not in the world without Him. However much spiritual culture may advance, however much the knowledge of Nature may spread and deepen, however much the mind may be enlarged, we shall never rise above the moral height of the Christian religion as it glows and sparkles in the Gospels. He who begins not with wonder and awe will never find his way to the inner sanctuary. Whoever

knows the human heart and the process whereby individuals are educated, will not doubt that it is possible to form a true and capable man without the help of any other book than the Bible. The great reverence accorded it by many peoples and races is due to its intrinsic value. It is worthy of reverence as a whole and it is applicable in detail. If used dogmatically and whimsically it may do harm, but it will always help when employed for instruction and to nourish sentiment. Pray God to give thee great thoughts and a pure heart. Piety is a holy name and the foundation of all virtue. The Christian religion is a mighty power, with whose help sunken and suffering humanity has again and again wrought its way upward; and inasmuch as we recognize in it this potency, it is above all philosophy, and needs not its support.

Alone no one learns to control himself, still less others. A noble man cannot owe his culture to a narrow circle. Lay hold on life with both hands; wherever thou seize it, it is interesting.

Say what thou wilt in favor of oral and written teaching, it is sufficient in the fewest cases; for it cannot communicate the proper character of anything, not even of what is by nature spiritual. It is only after one has looked and seen that he is prepared to hear and read with pleasure and advantage. May I learn to understand what

holds the world together in its innermost parts, looking on each emerging force and germ, and cease to rummage in mere words. The child is not as clay in the teacher's hands, to be moulded to whatever shape and use may please him. He is a plant whom the gardener must tend with careful nurture, but which, however tended, will bring forth fruit only of its kind. A leaf that is to grow large is full of wrinkles and creases; if one lose patience and would have it at once smooth as a willow leaf, evil inevitably results. Let us be glad to give the young credit for what they strive and hope to become. In them appearance may be suffered to take the place of reality, and we may lose sight of their inexperience and faults, when they are seriously resolved to grow in wisdom and virtue. Their dreams have substance, and what they shall become is already latent within them. I cannot approve that so much theoretical knowledge be required of them. In this way they are mentally and physically ruined; and when they begin practical life, they have lost what they most need — the spiritual and physical energy without which good work is impossible.

It is not difficult to perceive how widely and profoundly, with what living interest and sympathy, Goethe has studied the subject of culture and education, which for him involves and

embraces every other. One may learn wisdom at all times and from all things, and this is the best he can derive from them. Our money, our friends, our homes, our occupations, are of no real value to us unless they educate us; and if they do not, the fault is in ourselves. The insatiable longing for culture, springing from a profound faith in its possibility and surpassing worth, is what we lack most: it lies at the root of our indifference, of the readiness with which we yield to discouragement and abandon the pursuit of excellence, contenting ourselves with vulgar success. What we want, therefore, is a great teacher or a great book to call forth a sense of our true and deepest needs, to inspire confidence in ourselves, to impel us to follow after truth and love; and this is the service which Goethe renders to those who meditate his life and works. The secret of genius, like the secrets of Nature, is revealed only to patient seekers. What he utters seems simple and plain, and we pass on as though his meaning lay on the surface, to be caught by one who reads as he runs. What mystery is there in light, heat, and motion? Have we not always been familiar with them, and are they not what we most thoroughly understand? On the contrary, they hold the key which unlocks the world of the apparent; they contain as in

solution all that we may learn of the phenomena of the Universe.

In our judgments of literature and art likewise we easily err. What is called a natural manner, or style, is the result of long labor and ceaseless painstaking, the outcome of the art that hides art, the achievement of the few who have toiled for years to form themselves. Nothing excellent is merely natural. A masterpiece, like the fairest flowers and the most delicious fruits, is a product of culture.

It is not possible to get at the heart of the thought of an original mind without serious persevering study. It is not a trifling matter to be able to know and love the best, which is never made intelligible and attractive by words alone; it must be lived to be understood and appreciated. Discernment is rare, and the giving of one's self to what is recognized as the highest is also rare. Not many are capable of bringing their minds into harmony with those of the great. "The good folk," says Goethe, "do not know what time and pains it costs — to learn how to read." The vital books can do more for us than give form and voice to our vague thoughts and dumb yearnings: they can awaken in us the consciousness of permanence in the midst of ceaseless change, of the enduring truth and beauty to which life owes its

meaning and worth; they can lift us into communion with the spirit of the wisest, the bravest and the holiest, and thereby reveal to us the charm and blessedness of a heroic and noble existence, while they kindle desire and confirm the will so to think and act that we also shall become partakers of their strength and joy. But the printed page can do this only for those who have learned how to read, who have taught themselves to look through types and symbols into the infinite abiding worlds where God and illumined souls live and love. One right master, if we are drawn to him by confidence and affection, by a disinterested passion for truth and excellence, will show us how to do this better than a hundred mere writers and declaimers. It is for this reason that a single volume, long studied and thoroughly assimilated, may impart a higher culture than whole libraries read carelessly and without serious purpose.

A few minds are the inspirers and guides of all mankind. If their light had never shone, the race would still have been imprisoned in darkness. To these few each generation must draw near to rekindle the torch of faith and knowledge. They are the teachers from whom it is possible always to learn, if, hungry and athirst for truth and righteousness, we drink

their words until they are wrought into the substance of our thinking and striving.

Decision and perseverance Goethe holds to be a man's most valuable qualities. He honors whoever has a distinct idea of his intentions, whose progress toward their fulfilment is unwearied, and who is quick to seize and to use the proper means for securing his end. Without earnestness nothing can be achieved, but marvellous results follow from the diligent devotion of one's powers, time, and money to the accomplishment of a design steadily held in view. Let a man have good faith, a serious purpose, persevering industry, and the resolve to honor truth by use, and his course shall be upward from out the shadows and the gloom into the light of a free, a noble, and a blessed life.

It is essential, therefore, to keep one's self fresh and vigorous in body as in mind, in imagination as in heart, to preserve as long as possible the spirit of youthful hope and ardor. Old age is unnecessary in a sense quite other than that in which Shakespeare employs the phrase. Those who abide with what the unending years cannot change, who dwell in the serene worlds where what is good and fair is forever so, who bear within their bosoms a brave and cheerful spirit content with little and owning all, have found the secret whereby Time may be deprived of

half his power to blight and destroy. They acquire something of the permanence and beauty of the things they contemplate and love; they are illumined and made glad by the ideals that have sprung from the hearts of the great masters; they hear the songs of poets and all the mighty creators of harmony; they learn to be calm and resolute, to suffer the hundred minor ills and disappointments of life without weakness or complaint. Their home is within, and, like one who sits by his blazing hearthfire while winter rages without, it is fair weather with them however the heavens lower. Old age cannot lay his palsying hand upon us so long as we continue to grow, so long as the mind bathes day by day in purer fountains of faith and hope and wisdom, though the body fail.

But our physical being also is sustained by a soul filled with intellectual light and a will that refuses to yield to doubt or discouragement. The will to live, guided by intelligence, can work marvels for the temperate, the chaste, and the contented, if they are also cleanly. Health is the ideal, health of soul and body, of heart and mind. It is good to be strong, as it is good to know. God is almighty as well as all-wise; the abler one is, therefore, the diviner. What is virtue but strength, strength of spirit? What is reason but the highest form of power,

a force that controls the elements and makes them the servants of man? What is conscience but the voice of the Omnipotent bidding us stand firm, though worlds be shattered? It is the utterance of a Will that is absolute, absolute for the life which is righteousness. It is here that all the ways and ends of religion and culture meet.

Conduct maketh man: moral failure is utter failure. We are not bedded in matter alone. The taproot of our being strikes into the absolute and infinite; and the soul draws its vitality from God. Goethe does not ignore the need of morality. On the contrary, both by precept and example he teaches many virtues. He recognizes that right conduct is the chief means by which our endowments may be developed in harmony and completeness. His whole life is an incentive to industry, patience, cheerfulness, sincerity, courage, moderation, and perseverance. He is quick to approve and slow to find fault. He is free from greed and worldliness, from vanity and ambition. He respects authority and cultivates reverence. He wastes neither time nor money, but abstains from even innocent indulgences, that with a fresh mind and a vigorous body he may give himself wholly to his work. He feels that life is short and opportunity fleeting, and therefore he is busy while

the light still shines. He believes that whatever conduces to sympathetic union with men in their manifold activities is good. He is a lover of knowledge and beauty; he is a friend of children, and never ceases to take a lively interest in anything that concerns their education and happiness. He lives within in the company of high thoughts and generous loves. He is teachable, and continues to learn even in old age. His aims are noble — he desires to remain with his fellows in the works of his spirit, urging them to complete what he has begun.

He is tolerant, and reproves only by pointing to juster views of what constitutes perfection. He finds good everywhere and appreciates it wherever it exists. If he suspect merit in a book or a work of art, he spares no pains to discover it. He is an indulgent reader, and says of himself that he spreads the butter of goodwill over the author's bread, and fills the cracks if they are not altogether too large. But if he is to listen to the opinions of others, they must be something positive; for of the problematic he has himself enough.

Since a thousand things hem his liberty of outward action he strives to acquire inner freedom. He knows, however, that to liberate the mind without at the same time giving self-control is to do harm. To limit and isolate

one's self, to guard one's self from misleading tendencies, is for him the supreme art. The absurdities with which the world is filled do not provoke him to anger, for he understands that, while the passions rule all, best reason can be found only in a privileged few. He is never severe or haughty, but strives to put those about him at ease, without its being necessary to make an effort to do so.

He envies no one, bears ill-will to none. Birth makes us neither noble nor good, brings neither shame nor honor: we are divided and rendered unlike by virtue and vice. Having solid grounds for placing some value on himself, he thinks he has thereby forfeited the right to undervalue others, even though they be very small men. He combats harmful prejudices and narrow views, strives to enlighten the mind and refine the taste of the people, and believes that this is a patriot's best work. He leads a noiseless life, as behoves a cultivated man who labors to promote culture. He takes men not as he finds them, lest he discourage them, but treats them as though they were what they should be; for so he shall best help them to become what his manner of dealing with them supposes them to be. He tries many things, but never lives at random.

Evidently those who would cast stones at

Goethe should first enter into their own hearts and see how matters stand with themselves. Only the foolish and the vain read to find fault: the wise seek illumination and strength, and are delighted to behold the fair and mild face of truth in whatever quarter it appear. When they find it possible to unite the greatest minds with one another and with the eternal verities, they are filled with a new sense of the validity and sacredness of human reason. Goethe was not a Christian; he lived in an age of religious doubt and indifference. He had been led astray, in his early manhood, by the pantheism of Spinoza, the rationalism of Voltaire, and the naturalism of Rousseau. For this reason there is something cold and ineffective in his moral teaching. His virtue springs from calculation rather than from enthusiastic love and devotion to principle. He makes no valid appeal to the universal heart whereby man lives in eternity as well as in time. His utterances seem to be the result of experiments upon himself rather than the expression of profound and unalterable convictions. His fatalism weakens confidence in the efficacy of individual effort. The good is for him what is fair and becoming, not what is absolutely right. He never reaches the moral heights where Wordsworth is at home. Even in his best utterances there is an ambig-

uity which takes from them much of their force. For instance: "I believe in God — this is a fair and noble speech; but to recognize God wherever and however He reveals Himself is the true earthly bliss." God is here the god of pantheism, — the unknowable something, supposed to lie behind and within appearances. Not being a metaphysician, he treats matters of this kind poetically. His philosophy leaves the multitude indifferent. But this criticism does not affect the truth and goodness and beauty which every open and enlightened mind must find in his works.

VII

THE PATRIOT[1]

LOVE of country, like all love, springs from a desire for life, for wider and richer life. Life is possible only through communion with what nourishes it, with what is not itself. We see ourselves in the image reflected from the world on which we look, as by a mirror. We are what we are by virtue of the thousand influences which have acted upon us. Our minds have been fashioned and colored by sun and moon and stars, by the vestures with which earth clothes herself as the seasons change, by rivers, oceans, and mountains, by books we have read, by work we have done, by games we have played, by the good and the evil which have befallen us, by the men and women we have known, admired and loved, or feared and hated. All that we have seen, felt, suffered, and done has made us what we are. For good and for ill we are bound to the universe, and

[1] Address delivered at the Crève-Cœur Club banquet, Peoria, February 22, 1899.

apart from it we can neither know nor love nor enjoy. Stars whose light no human eye has beheld help to hold us where we are; grasses and trees that flourished before man ever trod the earth form the soil by which we are fed, the coal by which we are warmed and ministered to in a hundred ways. Nothing exists or lives in isolation; and as insight increases, the perception that all things are in union and intercommunion with one another grows clearer. It is only in the lowest stage of thought that objects seem to stand out in separateness, apart from their relations. When we look a little deeper we see that certain relations at least enter as essential elements into all ideas of the objective world, and that all things are interdependent, are a system of forces moving and acting in unison. When we look still more profoundly we perceive, within and beyond the world of relative things, the independent Being who is life and mind, the absolute and eternal, the creative energy, God, in whom and by whom the universe exists, who is himself self-determined and self-active.

Hence the radical impulse in the craving for richer and wider life is a godward impulse. What we really long for, whether consciously or not, is divine life, immortal life; and we need no other proof of this than the unsatis-

factoriness of all, even the highest, achievement. Nothing, once attained, corresponds to the dream which lured us to the pursuit, whether it be wealth or power or fame or pleasure. When we seek ourselves through all the mazes of matter, we may end weary and satiated, but not satisfied. God alone is the infinite other whom we need to fill and complete our lives. Hence religion is and has been the inexhaustible fountain-head of self-devotion, — of the self-devotion of patriots and heroes, of saints and artists, of wives and mothers; for whoever loves truth or justice or beauty or goodness with a surpassing love, with a love which endures all things, braves all things, renounces all things, if only it may attain its end, cannot but be inspired, strengthened, and upheld by an enthusiasm which must be called religious. By such men barbarous tribes have been led to higher planes, states have been founded, just laws decreed, tyrants overthrown, and the arts and sciences created. For this reason epochs of religious earnestness are epochs of advancing life; epochs of religious scepticism and indifference are epochs of decadence. There may still be, indeed, a gloss, a glitter, a polish, a material prosperity by which the frivolous and thoughtless are misled; but the power of heart and hope whereby man

lives and is strong, is failing. Will is enfeebled, character is undermined, and there is a general falling away in thought, in language, in manner, in conduct, even though it be so gradual as to be imperceptible to the careless eye.

There is a higher love than love of country, — the love of truth, the love of justice, the love of righteousness; and he alone is a patriot who is willing to suffer obloquy and the loss of money and friends, rather than betray the cause of truth, justice, and righteousness, for only by being faithful to this can he rightly serve his country. Moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states as of individuals; and conquering armies move forward in vain, in vain the fleeting fabric of trade is spread, if a moral taint within slowly moulder all. The national life is at fault if it be not in harmony with the eternal principles on which all right human life rests. The greatest and the noblest men when they meet rise into regions where all merely national distinctions are forgotten and transcended. In studying the works of a philosopher, a poet, or a man of science, we give little heed to what country he was born and lived in, so eager are we to learn the truth and beauty he reveals, — truth and beauty, which are of no country, which are wide and all-embracing as the universe. In the presence of heroic virtue

also, the national limitations disappear, that the godlike man, who belongs to all countries and ages, may stand forth in his proper light. A man supremely endowed narrows his mind when he is less than universally human. What he says and does should make laws for all, — those diviner laws which have their sanction in the common-sense which makes the whole world akin.

Patriotism as understood by the ancients is but a partial virtue. When it is most intense, it is most narrow and intolerant. In Jerusalem, in Athens, in Rome, the city was the fatherland. It was the thought of Zion, and of "Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God;" of the Acropolis, with its marvellous setting in the midst of the Attic plain; of the world-mother, looking from her seven hills on the Tiber's tawny wave, — that made the exiles waste away with repinings for home; and their passionate devotion to their country was rarely separable from a hatred of the foreign nature. Whoever was not a citizen was an enemy or a slave; the captive foe was treated with pitiless cruelty, and the slave had no rights.

We are separated from those ancient patriots less by the long lapse of time which has intervened than by the difference of spirit in which we look upon and love our country. For us

the man is more than the citizen, humanity more sacred than nationality. To lead a man's life, one must live for some one or something other than self. As we can see ourselves only in what is other, so we can find and love ourselves only in what is other than ourselves. To escape from the starved condition of the isolated, the individual is impelled to identify himself with larger unities, — with the family, with the state, with mankind, with God.

Now, for the ancients the state was the ultimate unity in which a man could find and feel himself. Hence their aims and sympathies were partial and narrow. Their patriotism was more intense, but it was less rational, less moral, and therefore less enduring and less beneficent than ours. It was not possible for them to identify themselves with the race, to recognize that all men are made of one blood, and that whenever one suffers injustice, wrong is done to all. But for us nationality has ceased to be the limit of individual sympathy, and the oppression of peoples, however remote, often affects us as though we ourselves had been injured; while noble words and heroic deeds, wherever and by whomever spoken and done, fill us with enthusiasm and gratitude.

Many causes, of which the Christian religion is the deepest and most far-reaching, have led

to the wider views and more generous appreciativeness of modern men. In looking to the one heavenly Father, they are drawn together and held by ties consecrated by faith and approved by reason. Science, which deals with laws that are universal, that act alike upon the farthest star and the grain of sand at our feet, on the race as on individuals, promotes this catholicity of feeling and interest. Our machinery, too, in bringing the ends of the world together, facilitates the intercourse of the peoples of the earth and thereby weakens their immemorial prejudices and hatreds. The commercial interdependence of the nations has a like tendency; while the constantly increasing influence of woman makes for larger sympathy and love. No great movement can now long remain within the boundaries of the nation in which it originates. The questions of education, of labor, of the rights of woman rouse attention and discussion in every civilized country. A new discovery or invention is at once heralded from land to land. The telegraph and the printing-press mediate a rapid and continuous interchange of thought throughout the world, and thus help to make us all, in a way never before possible, citizens of the world.

At the present moment America, if simple truth may be uttered without incurring the sus-

picion of conceit, represents the general tendency and sentiment of the modern age more than any other country. Here the national feeling is larger and more hospitable than anywhere else; here men of all tongues and races more easily find themselves at home than anywhere else. No other country is so attractive, no other affords in such fulness opportunity for self-activity in every sphere of endeavor, no other insures such complete civil and religious liberty. Nowhere else is there so much freedom from abuses which, because they are inveterate, seem to be sacred; nowhere else is there so much goodwill, so much readiness to help, so much general intelligence, such sanguine faith in the ability of an enlightened and religious people, who govern themselves, to overcome all obstacles and to find a remedy for whatever mishaps or evils may befall them. Here too, more than elsewhere possibly, men feel that there is a higher love than the love of country, that the citizen can serve his country rightly only when he holds himself in vital communion with the eternal principles on which human life rests, and by which it is nourished.

The American's loyalty to his country is first of all loyalty to truth, to justice, to humanity. He feels that its institutions can be enduring only when they are founded on religion and

morality. He is less inspired by the fortune of the Republic, its material advantages and possibilities, than by its spiritual significance and destiny. He is, indeed, filled with a sense of gladness when he beholds it stretch from ocean to ocean, from the Lakes to the Gulf; when he sees the northern pine salute the southern palm as a fellow-citizen; when he looks on its prairies teeming with harvests sufficient to feed the world, on its mountains and plains filled with silver and gold, with iron and copper, with coal and oil.

But he is less impressed by this geographical and material greatness and splendor than by the intellectual and moral conditions which America presents. Nature is fruitful in vain where man is contemptible. The palace makes ridiculous the occupant who is a beggar in mind and spirit. To no purpose is the country great, if the men are small. Life is more than life's circumstance, man more than his environment. The American patriot, then, more than others seeks grounds for his love of country chiefly in the world of man's higher being. For him freedom, knowledge, truth, justice, goodwill, humanity, are the essential needs; and it is a little thing that America offers facilities for satisfying the physical and material wants, if here the soul is starved.

Democracy itself is not an end, but a means. The end is a nobler, wiser, stronger, more beneficent kind of man and woman. How shall such men and women be formed except by opportunity, — opportunity for all of worship, of education, of culture, of work that strengthens and purifies, while it creates material comfort and independence? If a nobler race is to spring forth in this new world, all the influences that are active and potent in the national life must conspire to form public opinion, by which in the end we are all ruled, — a public opinion which shall be favorable to pure religion, to the best education, and to sound morality. The better kind, however otherwise they may disagree, must unite and support one another in ceaseless efforts to create such a public opinion. They must not merely lead loyal, brave, chaste, and helpful lives, but they must so live that the atmosphere in which they move shall receive from them a magnetic quality, — the power to stimulate all who breathe it to nobler thoughts and loves, to a deeper and more tender solicitude for the rights and needs of all men, of women and children, of the sick and forsaken, of the criminal and captive.

Goethe, who never utters a foolish thing, says that in time of peace patriotism properly consists merely in this, — that each one sweep

before his own door, attend to his own business, learn his own lesson, that it may be well in his own household; and what he says, if but partial, is nevertheless essential truth. He himself, indeed, even in times of war and disaster for the fatherland, seemed to act on this principle, and he has consequently been accused by some of his own countrymen of a lack of patriotism, though in fact he did more to make possible the political union of Germany than any other man; for he more than any other awakened the self-consciousness of the German people and thus inspired them with a more intense longing for national unity.

A good patriot is first of all a good man,—true to himself and true in his relations to his fellowmen. If false to himself, he is false to all. If he love not rightly his father and mother, his wife and child, the neighbor who dwells beside him, how shall he rightly love his country? If he respect not the dignity of human nature in himself, but degrade it by drunkenness or lying or sensuality or dishonesty, how shall he feel a genuine and generous interest in the commonweal, and earnestly strive to do his part in correcting the evils and abuses which impair or threaten the national life and prosperity? It will, indeed, be easy for him to make his patriotism a theme for declamation, and easy, too, to

throw suspicion on the loyalty of others; but if he is not a real man, it is not possible that he should be a real lover of his country.

Whoever deliberately wrongs an American, wrongs America. The worst enemy of the country is not the drunkard, but the buyer of votes, whether at the polls or in council chambers or in legislative halls; not the petty thief, but the capitalist whose insatiate greed urges him on to crush all competitors; not the selfish man who cares not at all for the general good, but the politician who makes his patriotism a cloak to cover him while he sneaks into public office which he prostitutes to private gain; not he who refuses his assent to measures, however popular, unless he can give it honestly, but the demagogue who is ever ready to run and cry with the crowd; not the ranting anarchist, but the editor who for money impugns the known truth. But the beef embalmer has attained the highest point of treacherous infamy, beyond which it is not possible to go, — he poisons the wells, not to destroy the enemy, but the soldiers who fight their country's battles. The saloon is bad; the worst evil, however, resulting from it is not drunkenness, but political corruption; for if just laws were rightly administered, the saloon would cease to be a source of degradation and ruin.

Our civilization is still incomplete; it is, as Emerson says, "a wild democracy; the riot of mediocrities and dishonesties and fudges." If numbers were enough, if wealth were enough, if machinery were enough, to constitute a great people, for us the question would be settled; but the kind of man, not numbers or wealth or machinery, is what we have to consider, and it is a favorable omen that we are not self-complacent, that our defects and faults are not hidden from us. We suffer from the absence of the discipline of respect, from a certain hardness and materialism, from a fondness for exaggeration, and from boastfulness. The fear of demos and the demagogue prevents us from speaking the simple and salutary language of truth when far-reaching and vital issues are in question.

We are so accustomed to bow to the will of majorities that we easily forget that votes count for nothing when we have to consider what is true and wise and just. Here there is every likelihood that the minority is right and the majority wrong. The multitude everywhere and in all ages are dominated by the present. They are unwilling to wait, unwilling to deny themselves now that they may become capable of higher things hereafter. The success of a day robs them of the glory of a lifetime. They are

fickle because, since they see only what is immediately before them, their opinions change as the road turns. They are selfish because they are short-sighted and but feebly influenced by large ideas and generous aims. Being a crowd, they are easily hypnotized, and are quickly hurried from one extreme to another. They follow the cry of chance leaders, and, being little able to think for themselves, they resent independence of thought in those things precisely in which such thought is most needed; for in the deepest and most critical questions concerning the national life and policy what is popular is rarely what is most wise. The voice of the most serious minds is not only not heeded, it is drowned in the clamor and vituperation of those who are themselves led by men who know little, and who have at heart chiefly their own popularity and profit. A false opinion is created, and we are commanded to accept it without question as the will of the people; and our highest officials, when they yield to the outcry of the mob, are commended for their wisdom and patriotism. Our best minds do not guide us; our best men do not govern us.

By faithful adherence to the principles with which our national life began, we have grown to be a prosperous and mighty people. We have

been taught to cherish these principles as being scarcely less sacred than our religion. Our climate is healthful, our soil fertile, our territory large as all Europe. Our industry, intelligence, and mechanical skill have in the brief space of a century made us the richest of the nations, while the growth of our population has been phenomenal. If success is an argument for continuing in a given line of policy and conduct, no people ever had so good a reason for following in the old way. Our success has been marvellous, but, after all, it is still only the success of an experiment. It has not yet been proved that a stable and enduring civilization can be built on a democracy such as ours. We occupy a continent stretching east and west, north and south, for thousands of miles. It is not easy to reconcile the interests of regions lying so remote from one another. Our population is composed not only of heterogeneous elements from Europe, but also of a large and increasing and but partially assimilated body of Africans.

While our material progress has been great, our love of principle and our strength of moral conviction seem to have grown feebler. More and more we are dominated by greed; more and more we become reckless of the means by which money is obtained. Vast fortunes are quickly

heaped up, but those who toil are little benefited. Our political and commercial life is undermined by dishonesty, and we are becoming so callous or so reckless that abuses which endanger our very existence as a nation give us little concern.

In the presence of such conditions is it possible to hesitate at all as to the course to be pursued? We have a compact territory sufficient to support three hundred or more millions of human beings. Why, then, should we go to the ends of the earth to take forcible possession of islands lying in remote oceans under tropical skies, inhabited by barbarous or savage tribes, where both race and climate preclude the hope of ever attaining to any high degree of culture? Why should we own Cuba? We do not need it, its population is undesirable, and to hold it we must increase our army and navy and gradually drift into a militarism which must threaten our most cherished institutions. What can imperialism bring us except the menace of ruin? As men are born to die, states rise to fall. Nineveh, Tyre, Babylon, Persia, Egypt, and Greece, each had its day. Spain, once the mightiest power in the world, is now weak and helpless. For all, the end must come; but who that loves his country would not remove the final catastrophe to some remote

and still remoter day? States must perish, but empires are more surely and more quickly brought to ruin. They rise suddenly and suddenly fall. The great empires now existing are of comparatively recent origin. The Russian has lasted about two hundred years; the British not a hundred and fifty; the Ottoman would long since have fallen, had it not been upheld by the jealousy of the other powers. Roman patriotism was dead when Rome became an empire, and its history under the Cæsars saddens and appalls. The Saracenic Empire lasted three hundred years; the Spanish, three hundred. And there seems to be no good reason for thinking that the British shall endure so long.

England was driven into imperialism by the instinct of self-preservation. The little island, confronted by powerful and warlike nations, would have been conquered again and again, as it was by the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Normans, had it not, in becoming an imperial power, built up a navy with which to defy the world and to girdle itself as with triple walls of adamant. But we are separated by thousands of miles from every other great nation. A coalition of all Europe against us, if such a thing were possible, need not alarm us. In self-defence we should prove invincible. In America, the Republic rises in solitary

grandeur, like a majestic dome, dwarfing all else from Behring's Strait to Cape Horn, without a compeer, without a rival. Our corn feeds Europe, our cotton gives her operatives employment, and from year to year the export of our manufactures increases. We are free from the jealousies and hatreds, the standing armies and oppressive taxation, the menaces of revolution and war, by which the Old World is kept in constant turmoil and peril. What country ever had such a fortune in its position, in its resources, in its possibilities?

Unlike other nations we began as a civilized people. Unlike other nations we began with freedom. Our progress, if we except the Civil War, which was the inevitable result of a taint implanted in our constitution, has been along the ways of peace; our prosperity has been wrought by obedience to wise and great laws, by industry and intelligence. Our Continent has seemed great enough and good enough for us; and while we have sworn to keep it free from the interference of foreign powers, we have refused to cast covetous and lustful eyes upon the outlying regions of the earth. Conquest, and forcible annexation, and military rule are in opposition alike to our traditions and our fundamental principles of government. Is it credible that the sentiment of the country has, in these

vital matters, undergone a sudden and radical change, and that we are now prepared to abandon our unique and providential position in the civilized world, to rush madly in the way of conquest and imperialism, with the inevitable result of becoming involved in the hatreds, alliances, and wars of Europe? It is not credible. The evil that seems to threaten us is but a passing frenzy, an outburst of popular enthusiasm, which will soon give place to sober second thought. The leaders have believed that they were yielding to the popular will, and the people have believed that they were following the guidance of the men in whose hands they had placed the conduct of national affairs. But this misunderstanding cannot continue. Spain deserved to be driven from her possessions. Her rule was unjust and cruel. We have done a noble work; but having done it, we shall not be unwise or unpatriotic enough to jeopardize the fortune and the future of our own country by annexing the conquered islands and so becoming an imperial power.

Here, at our hands, lies the task God sets us. It is the development of our inner life, the enriching of our minds, the purification of our hearts, the education of ourselves through liberty and labor, the reform of our politics, the rooting out of cant, lying, vul-

garity, greed, and dishonesty, of drunkenness and lust; the correcting of our extravagant estimate of the value of what is merely matter, of life's accompaniments as distinguished from life itself, which is thought and love, strength and courage, patience and forbearance. We have to learn that what makes a millionaire spoils a man; that a people who think trade and commerce the one thing needful have no permanent place in history, because they have no influence on the spiritual, which is the real, life of man. The people that are the bearers of the largest thought, the deepest love, the holiest faith, live and work forever in the race, while merchants and traders perish and are forgotten, like the wares they deal in. See how quickly elated and how quickly cast down are they whose hope is in riches, — for riches are akin to fear, to change and death; while they who live for truth and righteousness move forward, serene and unafraid, upborne by the unseen powers; for truth and righteousness are life. Beggars and outcasts, if but some divine thought or immortal hope upwelled within, have survived the fall of empires, the ruin of civilizations, and the utter vanishment of the people from whom they sprang. We have to learn to know how to be happy and noble, for, as Ruskin says, till we have learned how to be happy and noble, we

have not much to tell, even to Red Indians; and he goes on: "To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray, — these are the things that make men happy. . . . The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things; but upon iron or glass or electricity or steam, in no wise."

The Absolute, the Highest, is a Person, and the civilization which issues in the noblest personalities is the best. By them we estimate the worth of our nature, by them the value of our political and religious institutions. But noble men and women do not spring forth in isolation. As an individual, man is insignificant; in fact, he cannot become human at all, except in a social environment, — in a medium in which he is made partaker of the life of the race, receiving the thoughts, hopes, and beliefs, the aims, aspirations, and ideals, which are the food of the spirit of man, of that which places him in opposition to Nature and lifts him above its fatal laws. It is the patriot's business to strengthen and purify the institutions by which the citizen is educated, — the family, the church, the state. To whom the life of the home is not sacred, nothing is sacred. The child that does not drink pure love and religion from this foun-

tain-head can never be rightly educated. It is in vain that we build churches and schools, if the home does not fill them with teachable hearts and minds. It is here that each one receives his better self, — the self which makes him conscious that he is a centre toward which infinities converge, where truth and justice and love are felt to be the real and permanent good. What burns in the hearts of the fathers will glow in the breasts of the children. Patriotism, like charity, begins at home. It is not a philosophy; it is a sentiment, inspired, above all, by the mothers of a people, from whom also we receive religion and morality. Washington calls these the indispensable supports of political prosperity, and therefore he refuses to give the title of patriot to those who "labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

The end of all worthy struggles is to establish morality as the basis of individual and national life, and morality can be firmly founded only on pure religion. To make righteousness prevail, to make justice reign; to spread beauty, gentleness, wisdom, and peace; to widen opportunity, to increase goodwill, to move in the light of higher thoughts and larger hopes, to encourage science and art, to foster industry

and thrift, education and culture, reverence and obedience, purity and love, honesty, sobriety, and the disinterested devotion to the common good, — this is the patriot's aim, this his ideal. And if even a minority, a remnant, work in this spirit and strive with this purpose, the star of the Republic, which rose to herald the dawn of a new and better era, shall not throw its parting rays on the ruins of an empire stained with blood.

VIII

EMPIRE OR REPUBLIC[1]

THE rise and fall of nations, as of individuals, are determined by moral causes. The convictions of mankind are but feebly influenced by reason. Our ethics, politics, and religion never spring from what is wholly rational. To a greater or less extent we are all victims of passion and prejudice, are swayed by interests that are selfish and motives that are unworthy. The wise and the good therefore subject themselves to ceaseless self-criticism; so does a noble and generous people. The habit of reflection, of considering seriously and dispassionately whatever grave situation is presented, is a mark of maturity; it is an evidence of self-control, of the prevalence of the true self which is constituted by obedience to what is right and good and becoming.

It is to the power of returning upon itself that a people owes its conservative strength,

[1] Address delivered at the Anti-Imperial meeting, in Chicago, April 30, 1899.

its ability, in the midst of whatever events, to hold steadfastly to the principles by which its life is nourished. We are at present in the midst of a crisis, in which lack of thought and deliberation may lead us far from the ideals which as Americans we have most cherished, and expose us to evils of which we scarcely dream. We stand at the parting of the ways. It is not yet too late to turn from the way which leads, through war and conquest, to imperialism, to standing armies, to alliances with foreign powers and finally to the disruption of the Union itself. It is not too late, because it is still possible, probable even, that the American people will reconsider the whole question of the complications in which our victories over Spain have involved us, and, calling to mind the fact that they did not enter into this war for the purpose of becoming an empire, but for the purpose of helping others to throw off the yoke of a tyrannical imperialism, will see that to be blinded and led away by success is to be weak and foolish; or rather, since here the highest interests of humanity are at stake, is to be wicked and criminal. If this may not be, then the American people have degenerated; they have lost their hold upon the historical causes and the political habits which led to the founding of our institutions and to

the marvellous growth and prosperity of our country. But we judge of a man's wisdom by his hope —

> "Hope, the paramount duty which heaven lays
> For its own honor on man's suffering heart."

Therefore we will not believe that the gaining of a few naval battles over a weak and unprepared foe has power to throw us into such enthusiasm or such madness as to turn us permanently from the principles and policies to which we owe our national existence, our life and liberty; or that Destiny, the divinity of fatalists and materialists, can weaken our faith in the God of justice, righteousness and love, who scorns and thrusts far away those who, having the giant's strength, use it to oppress or destroy the weak and ignorant.

We have never looked upon ourselves as predestined to subdue the earth, to compel other nations, with sword and shell, to accept our rule; we have always believed in human rights, in freedom and opportunity, in education and religion, and we have invited all men to come to enjoy these blessings in this half a world which God has given us; but we have never dreamed that they were articles to be exported and thrust down unwilling throats at the point of the bayonet. We have sympa-

thized with all oppressed peoples — with Ireland, Greece, Armenia, Cuba. To emancipate the slave we gladly sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands of our soldiers. And now the American soldier, who should never shoulder a gun except in a righteous cause, is sent ten thousand miles across the ocean to shoot men whose real crime is that they wish to be free, wish to govern themselves. To say that they are unfit for freedom is to put forth the plea of the tyrant in all ages and everywhere. The enemies of liberty have never lacked for pretexts to justify their wrongs; but, in truth, at the root of all wars of conquest there lies lust for blood or for gold.

If the inhabitants of the Philippines came gladly to throw themselves into our arms, we should refuse to do more than counsel, guide, and protect them until they form themselves into a stable and independent government. What, then, is to be thought of those who seem resolved either to rule or exterminate them, believing probably that the only good Filipino is a dead Filipino?

The argument that our policy has from the beginning been one of expansion has no application in the present crisis. By the treaty of 1783 the Mississippi river was recognized as the western boundary of the United States;

but when in 1802 the Spanish civil officers, whom France, having recovered Louisiana, left in command, issued a proclamation closing the Mississippi to American commerce, it at once became manifest that we could not leave the mouth of the great river which flowed for more than a thousand miles through our territory, in the possession of a foreign power. Thomas Jefferson, therefore, acted in the spirit of a patriot and a statesman, when, taking advantage of the embarrassments of Bonaparte, he purchased the whole region lying west of the Mississippi and not already occupied by Spain. Here was a natural development, the gaining possession of vast tracts of unsettled lands which, if not peopled by American citizens would become the home of a powerful rival state, and this would involve wars, standing armies and the jeopardy of free institutions. Similar reasons justified the purchase of Florida in 1819. When, in 1845, we annexed the republic of Texas, we did what the Texans themselves wished us to do. Disputes concerning the western boundary of Texas led to the war with Mexico, which, at the close of the war sold to the United States New Mexico and Upper California, including Nevada and Utah, most of Arizona, and parts of Colorado. These countries were scarcely inhabited, Upper

California containing not more than fifteen thousand people. In this whole course of expansion we followed the line of natural development. We entered upon the possession of waste regions which were geographically part of our country, and which we were certain to fill with populations similar to those occupying the states already founded. To carry out this work there could be no need of a standing army or a powerful navy; none of making war to conquer and hold in subjection races which, being altogether unlike ourselves, claimed the right, in the establishment of a government, to be guided by their own ideas and traditions. In purchasing these territories, it may be said that we bought land and not human beings — land that was part of our inheritance. But now, following the lead of our great capitalists and trustlords, we buy at one stroke ten million human beings; beings who live in another hemisphere, who differ from us in every way, who dwell in a climate which is fatal to the white man, who can be of no advantage whatever to us, but who, if we persist in holding them, will involve us in the most serious difficulties and dangers. A war of conquest is in contradiction with our fundamental principles of government; it is opposed to all our traditions. The thought of ruling over subject

peoples is repugnant to our deepest and noblest sentiments. It is part of our good fortune, of our providential position and mission in the world, that our country is vast enough and self-sufficient enough to make all desire for conquest an unholy and meaningless temptation. We have room for three or four hundred millions of human beings. If more are required, and we are true to ourselves, British America will come to us without there being need of firing a gun.

We have money enough already, and our wealth is increasing rapidly. What we have to learn is how to live, how to distribute our money, how to take from it its mastery over us and make it our servant. Our capital is fast becoming the most inhuman, the most iniquitous tyrant the world has ever known. Its tyranny is a blight and curse to those who exercise it, as well as to the multitude who are its victims. Commercial and manufacturing competition is becoming a struggle for existence fiercer than that which makes Nature red with ravin in tooth and claw. Whereas the tendency of true civilization and religion is to convert the struggle for life into co-operation for life, into work of all for all, that all may have those inner goods which make men wise, holy, beautiful, and strong; —

whereas, this is the tendency of right civilization, our greed, our superstitious belief in money as the only true God and Saviour of man, hurries us on with increasing speed into all the venalities, dishonesties, and corruptions, into all the tricks and trusts by which the people are disheartened and impoverished. We are hypnotized by the glitter and glare, the pomp and circumstance of wealth, and are becoming incapable of a rational view of life. We have lost taste for simple things and simple ways. We flee from the country as from a desert, and find self-forgetfulness only amid the noise and rush of great cities, where high thought and pure affection are well nigh impossible. How far we have drifted from that race of farmers who threw off the yoke of England and built the noble state; who believed that honor was better than money, freedom than luxury and display! Their plain democratic Republic is no longer good enough for us. We are become imperial. We must have mighty armies, and navies which shall encircle the earth, to bring into subjection weak and unprotected savages and barbarians. Why? For glory? No. That is a standpoint we have left behind. For humanity? Wholesale murder is not humanity. Why? For money, more money, money without end.

We are the victims of commercialism; we have caught the contagion of the insanity that the richest nations are the worthiest and most enduring. We have lost sight of the eternal principle that all freedom is enrooted in moral freedom, that riches are akin to fear and death, that by the soul only can a nation be great. Spiritual gifts survive when the marts of commerce are deserted or become the habitations of doleful creatures.

Money, indeed, is power, but it is power for good only when it belongs to the wise and the good; for the foolish, the prodigal, the sensual, and the miserly it is a curse. A brave, honest, and loving soul has higher worth than mountains of gold. He who knows that the good of life lies within, that it is infinite, capable of being cherished, loved, and possessed more and more by whoever seeks it with all his mind and heart, can never think that a nation's first duty is to spread its trade, even at the loss of all that constitutes the true manly and womanly dignity of multitudes who are degraded to the level of machines. Personality is the highest and most sacred fact we know. By personalities religion and culture are created, propagated, and preserved. When great souls are alive with great thoughts and profound emotions, it is good to

be on earth — then God comes nearer, and man is divine.

It had been our hope that we, the latest birth of time, we, the favored children of heaven, were to be providentially guided to nobler issues, that here the many should become what but a few have ever been — wise, self-contained, generous, helpful, and loving. But this hope is no longer cherished, this ideal lures us no more. We have become believers in destiny, and destiny knows nothing of wisdom and goodness; it is Nature's fatal sway, pitiless, blind, destroying, to rise above which has been the ceaseless effort of all the heroes, saints, and sages by whom the race has been blessed and ennobled.

If it is our destiny to become an empire, it is not our destiny to endure as a republic. Empire and imperialism are associated with kingly and arbitrary rule, with militarism and conquest. Was not the Roman Empire built on the ruins of the republic? Was it not made possible by the general loss of virtue and patriotism, by the luxury and corruption which the stolen wealth of a hundred cities had spread through Rome? It is only when the inner sources of life run low that men rush madly to gain possession of external things. When the power of faith and hope and love is

lost, the animal in man's breast awakes and cries for blood or plunges into the slough of sensuality. When the real good of life escapes us, money and what money buys seem to be all that is left. Then men become cowards, liars, and thieves: they cringe and fawn and palter: they worship success — they call evil good and good evil. They have no convictions which are not lucrative, no opinions which are not profitable. Then all things are for sale, then demagogues are heroes, then opportunities for plunder are welcome; then the best policy is that which wins most votes and most money.

But we are told that imperialism has proved a blessing to Great Britain. In this matter there is no parity between England and the United States. Again and again England has been conquered — by Roman, Saxon, Angle, Dane, and Norman. As her population increased, she became less and less able to feed her people without drawing her supplies from other countries; and to-day if she could be blockaded for six months she would starve. She is compelled therefore to have a navy as strong almost as that of all the other nations; and this has led her to make conquest after conquest, until her empire encircles the earth. But these widely scattered dominions, though possibly necessary for her existence as a first-

class power, are to her a cause of weakness. Let her colonies but become dissatisfied, and they will fall from her as easily as the ripe fruit falls from the bough. She governs them wisely because only in this way can she govern them at all. It is hardly possible for an American to speak of England and not to feel grateful thoughts and kindly sentiments stir within his breast. To her largely we owe our liberties, to her our language, to her Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, to her Bacon and Ruskin and Newman. Even in the War of Independence our greatest men still retained a kind of affection for her, as among her statesmen our cause found some of its ablest and most eloquent advocates; and now that more than a century has elapsed, we can easily forgive and forget the wrongs she did us, especially since they stirred us to assert and maintain our independence. Nevertheless, the more we hold aloof from England the better shall it be for America. She has not an ally in the world, and there is probably not a nation in the world which would trust her as an ally. She has never loved us from the days in which she oppressed the colonies to the dark days when, by aiding the Confederacy, she sought to make the disruption of the Union permanent. She does not

love us now. We are the most dreaded rival she has, because we threaten her supremacy in what is nearest and dearest to her — her finances. She is confronted by difficulties and dangers of various kinds from which we are free. An alliance with her would involve us in the difficulties and dangers by which she is confronted and from which we are free. We need neither her advice nor her assistance. The praises which she now bestows on us, were they sincere, would be superfluous; but since they are given with the design of drawing us into an imperialistic policy and troublesome entanglements, they are insidious and insulting. Our wisest statesmen have always been opposed to militarism as a menace to our liberties. We want nothing more than the nucleus of an army, nothing which shall serve as a means of conquest at home or abroad; and for my own part I think a powerful navy a danger rather than a protection. So long as we are content to devote ourselves to the tasks which God has set us, we can have nothing to fear even from a coalition of the powers of Europe, were such a thing possible.

We do not need a large standing army or a great navy, either for conquest or self-defence. They are not necessary, and they would be dangerous to our peace and liberty. There

was a time in our history when the general government appeared to be too weak and the states too strong. That condition of things passed away with the close of our Civil War, when the Executive seemed to acquire a new quality which clothed him with almost dictatorial power. It did not seem impossible to build a military despotism on American institutions. With ourselves, as in the rest of the civilized world, there is a drift toward socialism. We must face the great problems thus raised, with faith in our political principles and with confidence in the good sense and honesty of the people. To seek refuge in the intervention of a standing army, under the command of a *quasi* dictator or Emperor, is to enter into the way of anarchy and ruin.

On many sides there is evidence of moral decadence. Religion is losing its hold on the masses, respect for those who fill positions of authority is diminishing, the rights of property are becoming less sacred, the marriage tie is loosening, greed is increasing, capital becoming more unscrupulous. The virtues of thrift, moderation and forethought are less considered. We neither draw wisdom and inspiration from the past, nor look to the future, but live, like thoughtless children, in the present. The people's distrust of the men they elect to

office is at once discouraging and injurious to public morality. Human life is taken on slight provocation, and outrages which blacken our fair name are committed by mobs that seem to have lost all sense of humanity. In that which essentially constitutes education — the development of Conscience, the formation of character, — our schools seem, in a large measure, to have failed.

It is, of course, possible to take a different and brighter view of our condition, by emphasizing our wealth, our material progress, our growth in numbers, our enlightenment, our enterprise; but a wise man gives little heed to that in which he succeeds, that he may the better study wherein he fails. Why should we turn from what is unpleasant, if by considering it we may learn useful lessons? If we but have the courage to look steadfastly and to see things as they are, we shall easily perceive that our true work lies here, and not ten thousand miles away. We are the foremost bearers of the most precious treasures of the race: in the success of the experiment which we are making the hopes of all noble and generous souls for a higher life of mankind are centred. If we fail, the world fails; if we succeed, we shall do more for the good of all men than if we conquered all the islands and continents. Our mission is to

show that popular government on a vast scale is compatible with the best culture, the purest religion, the highest justice, and that it can permanently endure. In comparison with this what would be a thousand groups of Philippines? — what the most brilliant career of imperial pomp and glory?

When the American people resolve not to hold what they never intended to take possession of, they will have little difficulty in finding a solution of this Philippine difficulty. Above all, let them not be misled by vanity; let them not hearken to the siren voice of English flattery; let them not stop to think what other nations will say, but let them, as becomes a great, a free, an enlightened people, be self-directed, holding in view only such aims and ends as are wise and just, and conducive to the permanent welfare and highest interests of the Republic.

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